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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Rosebery's letter in answer to the invitation of the City Liberal Club, though masterly in the skill of its expression, made a sensation out of all proportion to its gist and the season of its utterance. To judge by his speech at a meeting of the same club later on, the hullabaloo, as he terms it, was quite an agreeable surprise even to himself. What would have been a valuable, not to say courageous, stand a few weeks ago has lost virtue by appearing as an appendix to Mr. Asquith's confession of principle. With Mr. Asquith Lord Rosebery said he had kept silence, as he had resigned in 1896, for the sake of unity. He now broke silence, not like Mr. Asquith to make a Liberal party possible, but to state—in his fine, crisp, literary phrases—that the schism was of old standing and likely to sever the party for as long as did Fox's heterodoxy on the question of the war with France. In the whole of the letter there was no note of hope or encouragement, no suggestion of a constructive policy.

Nevertheless there is an attractive largeness about the scope of Lord Rosebery's sentiments, and the egoism, for which he apologised, was not without excuse. He will “never voluntarily”, that is unless he is pressed, re-enter politics except as an Olympian free lance, and he considers, perhaps with a right view of his character, that he may be useful in this capacity. Even in this letter he has been of use in affirming with an apt charm of illustration that is wholly admirable the “incurable antagonism of principle with regard to the Empire” that is destroying the unity of the Liberal party. A party cannot recognise the philosophies of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Sir Edward Grey and keep an effective existence; “the area of comprehension is too wide”. Nor can a party which is contrary to a united nation on a great principle of imperial policy hope to recover prestige at the moment a particular war is over. On such points even the electors have long memories. The moral that Lord Rosebery suggests is that the great Liberal party can never expect to be given power to carry out its domestic policy unless it first gives its common adherence to the principles that an Empire involves.

The “duty of the Liberal party” is becoming an obsession with speakers, correspondents and diners-out, and the free speech on which they all compliment themselves under the new charter is growing burden-

some. While he clung strictly to this subject Sir Edward Grey, the first speaker to answer Lord Rosebery's letter, was like the rest almost vacuous. It is of not much use to the party to be told that all will go well with them if they will be courteous and keep up their enthusiasm for home politics and adopt the philosophy of Liberal Imperialism. Otherwise he made a great speech. He joined direct issue with Lord Rosebery for whom he expressed great personal affection, not unmixed with admiration for his genius. The position of Lord Rosebery he held to be dangerous and, though he avoided the word, selfish. His eccentricities upset the party. A politician to be of use must be a worker and ready to take the place marked out for him. While he remains a dilettante amateur the party loses his services and he himself sinks steadily in reputation. It would be well for Lord Rosebery if he would take the snub and seriously—if not voluntarily—become a worker for the principles he supports at these uncomfortable intervals.

Sir Edward Grey was equally successful in dealing with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, to whom also—in the cause of Liberal unity—he paid the orthodox compliments. He scouted in most explicit terms his leader's suggestion of an amnesty to Cape rebels; he asserted the absolute military necessity of the concentration camps, of which his leader continues to complain, and in common justice to loyal subjects he showed, in strenuous opposition to his leader's contention, that to grant independence and immediate self-government was altogether impracticable. Free speech within a party could scarcely go farther than this: even Mr. Asquith, since the amnesty question had not then come up, did not state his differences with such brutal but salutary candour. If the Opposition is to become effective it will be forced to follow the lead of these two men. The number who do not approve of Sir Edward Grey's definition of Imperialism must be few indeed. His distinction between jingoism and Imperialism was admirable, and it would be well if more than one Conservative statesman would take it to heart. Jingoism is an “inability to express our pride in the British Empire without appearing to put the British Empire in antagonism with the rest of the world”. No wise Imperialist is a jingo.

The neighbourhood of Pontipridd to Caerleon-on-Usk and the Keltic speech of Mr. Lloyd George suggests a comparison to the Liberal leadership more local than the crown of Poland. Poor King Arthur's task (as depicted in the later romances) was like enough to that of Sir C.-B. The Knights sat with “knife in meat and wine in horn” and said hard things to and of each other across the Round Table. And worse the temple fellows (the expression is Sir C.-B.'s not Malory) had

an awkward love for tilting at each other when away from their chief and not finding the Holy Grail. However King Arthur sat in his gilded hall and said the courteous thing to each and all. Sir Kay, the proper society gentleman, remained Royal Steward, and though Sir Gawayne or Sir Lancelot now and again unhorsed him in the wilds of a pathless forest and appropriated his armour they still enjoyed their sovereign's smiles, nay got royal congratulations. In short the prototype of Sir C.-B. smiled and smiled and talked platitudes at the Knights, until one morning he found himself gazing on a "lean board, and a bare order scarce returned a Tithe".

It is not surprising that when General Broadwood came upon the Free State "Government" at Reitz the ex-President fled without either his waistcoat or his gold. The documents he left behind him have proved him to be the sole cause of the continuance of the rebellion. It is possible that there may be yet more compromising evidence in these Government papers, but so far Lord Kitchener has only telegraphed back the substance of two letters, one from the Boer Government, the other containing Mr. Steyn's reply. In the first of these which is signed by Reitz and contains the sentiments of Commandants Botha, Viljoen and General Smuts the absolute hopelessness of the position is categorically confessed under five heads: the surrendering of burghers, the lack of food and ammunition, the disorganisation of the Government, the impending destruction of the nation and of national sentiment, and the vagueness of news from Europe. On these grounds the Government determined to get leave to send a messenger to Mr. Kruger and if that is refused to ask for an armistice. The letter concludes by asking for suggestions and saying that "the time has come to take the final step". In this letter we have the whole truth of the position, the full explanation of General Botha's negotiations with Lord Kitchener and satisfactory proof of the good faith of Commandant Botha.

Mr. Steyn's reply, coupled with the telegram from Mr. Kruger, is the sole reason why the negotiations did not end in the declaration of peace. He confesses the evil plight of the two Republics but with a Puritan naïveté that is not very far removed from a spirit of blasphemy says "we have trusted in God's help and foreign intervention". He argues that there is no reason to lose their confidence in either. It is the bogey of European complications that has kept both the ignorant burghers and their less ignorant leaders in the field. Steyn's belief in the continued absence of the members of the deputation in Europe, in the ignorant rumours circulated by European and African papers is childish beyond belief. He has been fed as he himself has fed his burghers on lies fabricated either by interested persons or by journalists with an "aimless animosity" against England. On papers English and foreign which have corroborated these views and on diplomats, Boer and European, who have encouraged the belief in foreign intervention rests the blame for the prolonged loss of life and lengthened bitterness of feeling.

Views held on the Continent with respect to the Chinese question continue as divergent as ever. Meanwhile, whether from disputes between the Powers or owing to Chinese procrastination, the question of the indemnity is at a standstill and unrest increases. Russia is said to be demanding a territorial equivalent for her surrender of Manchuria and is rumoured to be attempting to buy the Kaiping collieries. Disorder has increased in Peking since the policing was put in Chinese hands and burglaries by organised bands of Chinese are of nightly occurrence. The prospects of future tranquillity are not bright. The last of the German troops, except the small permanent garrison, are to be withdrawn early in August, and unless some very rapid advance is made in the negotiations before then, there will be small assurance against the occurrence of further serious disturbances. The elements of disturbance and the leaders of the anti-foreign party are still in the background and there is no sign that they have either surrendered their old pretensions or lost their popularity.

The trial of Earl Russell was perfect in its dignified pageantry, and the highest Court of the land was fitly surrounded with all those brilliant and picturesque accessories to the administration of justice which we have set up on a small scale in other Courts, though they are but a feeble copy of the antique ceremonial of the House of Peers. Nothing marred the impressiveness of the splendid scene: nothing grotesque or undignified intruded, nothing raised a smile by reason of any incongruity; one of the dangers of unwonted ceremonies in our prosaic age. Lord Russell's plea of guilty shortened the proceedings and they were even longer than they need have been. The long and dry speeches of the counsel for the defence on the objections to the indictment were felt by all concerned to be tactical mistakes. As addressed to the Lords they were inappropriate, as addressed to the Judges the points taken were so insubstantial that they had not the smallest chance of success. The Lord High Steward and the Judges summarily disposed of them: and the only regret on this account was that the Attorney-General was prevented from addressing the House, and that did cause considerable disappointment.

Lord Russell did himself the best service by the ability, the good feeling and self-restraint of his address to the House. He sufficiently recalled, without dwelling too much on details, the unhappy events with which all were familiar. If it is somewhat difficult to understand how a man of his ability could have persuaded himself he was not committing a breach of the law, the tone of his plea of ignorance and the apparent candour disarmed scepticism. It might be urged that he did what he did deliberately to provide a ground for the divorce. Against that there is the consideration that conceivably the last thing Lady Russell wanted was release from the marriage. Lord Russell was entitled to the benefit of the doubt. As to the sentence, if the Lords had not applied to him the high standard of their own order the sentence would have been lighter. He was bound to know better than a poor man. If he had been such a man, in the ordinary courts his sentence would without doubt have been less. There was no woman victim in the case. We have no sympathy with the talk about abolishing trial by the House of Lords. It has shown itself a worthy court: it is a picturesque link with the past; criminally peers are the rarest of rare aves: one in sixty years compares well with commoners: and even if the exaggerated talk about the expenses of this latest trial were true, any possible economy is too trivial to be taken into account.

The Finance Bill, though one would hardly have gathered from the course of the debate that its provisions were under discussion, has safely passed through the third reading. As the direct arguments were used up, Sir William Harcourt, with one mild objection from the Speaker, expended his energies on a pessimistic criticism of Sir David Barbour's report on South African finances. His only excuse for troubling the House was that he had read the report and digested the less agreeable portions; though incidentally he gave the Chancellor of the Exchequer the usual pat on the back and expressed his willingness to vote for the Bill which the bulk of his speech avoided. It may be conceded that there was a minimum of truth in his charges against the Government, as represented by Sir David Barbour, of putting aside too little for education and the development of railways, as of taxing one part of the community less than another. He certainly made out that viewed as an investment the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies were not likely to be lucrative in the near future. They will represent the burden rather than the financial benefit of empire; but even taking for a moment this unworthy Little Englander's view of the value of colonies, it remains that the Transvaal is probably richer in mineral wealth than any country in the world, and even Sir David Barbour, who was studiously pessimistic, looked forward to a future of promise.

But Sir William Harcourt's clients, the taxpayers, voted for the war, not for financial reasons but for the sake of national dignity. Mr. Chamberlain in answer did well to echo Lord Salisbury's notorious phrase:

"We seek no gold, no territories." War was inevitable, and there is an end of the matter. In answering Sir William Harcourt categorically on the several points Mr. Chamberlain was a little aggressive in his optimism as though he were determined to dissipate entirely Sir William Harcourt's gloom. But he argued from a point of vantage. In the first place he was in possession of papers, the contents of which were entirely unknown to Sir William Harcourt; and these on Mr. Chamberlain's showing made clear that the Orange Free State, even now in spite of the war, was in a much sounder financial state than even Sir David Barbour's report suggested. Secondly Sir William Harcourt, being otherwise unaware of the future plan of the Government, was forced to take the report strictly as his text, while Mr. Chamberlain was able to be as vague in his promises as he wished, as the report, though full of valuable information, was in no sense binding on the Government. Except for the vague assurances extracted from Mr. Chamberlain the strange irrelevancies of the debate were a mere waste of time. But the Bill was passed.

At the dinner given in his honour by the Mayor of Kensington Mr. Walter Long once more brought forward the pressing claims of the housing question, on which there has also been a debate in the House this week. It cannot be too often thrust upon the notice of the public, for the neglect of it is a national disgrace and a pregnant cause of national degeneration. The question has been unduly complicated by considerations of rent. The lowering of rents is outside practical politics; but the building of decent houses is a common duty that should be within the reach of every municipality. Mr. Long was loudly cheered when he laid it down that the view of the municipalities was that "the real way to deal with the difficulty was to enable corporations to borrow their money upon longer periods of repayment". This without doubt is the first practical step that should be taken. If the period of repayment was extended from sixty to one hundred years, the task of the municipal bodies would be rendered much easier. With improvements in the systems of building "block dwellings"—or "mansions", as others call them—lower rents and better general conditions should follow in time.

The Sale of Intoxicating Liquors to Children Bill is being opposed in the Standing Committee with the aim of wrecking it. And for this Session at least it seems likely that Sir Howard Vincent, Mr. Tully and others with their farcical amendments proposed with their tongues in their cheeks will succeed. It will not reach the House until August and as the opponents of the Bill expressly state that their object is to kill it, they will raise in the House precisely the same questions on which they have already been beaten. They have made use of the vulgarities and personalities to which we were accustomed in the old vestries. Sir H. Vincent and Mr. Tully pretended it was too hot to sit and the former gentleman wanted to know if he might sit in his shirt-sleeves. Mr. Tully to show that he was no sentimentalist and canter exclaimed that if children sipped ale they were only doing what their forefathers had done in the good old days of cake and ale. This sort of would-be jovial talk is offensive sentimentality and cant of the vulgar kind, which are as nauseous as the too "precious" kinds of sentimentality and cant. The opponents of the Bill have preferred buffoonery to the sensible argument of objections which might have embodied really necessary safeguards.

The factitious excitement as to the Education Bill kept up by Radicals in both Houses has only brought out the harmless modesty of that measure. Every speaker was caring nothing about the Bill either way but much about School Boards. It is sincerely to be hoped that the Government will show none of their ordinary weakness by giving way either to local non-conformist disturbances or to the noise of the Opposition. As Professor Jebb pointed out at a recent meeting of the Religious Education Union, the School Boards both by training and interest are singularly ill qualified to deal with any education which can be called liberal. Some body not previously prejudiced by different interests and not divided in its membership by the

needs of partisan warfare must be found to deal with all branches of higher education, if it is to advance from the mechanical to the organic stage. The Government has the power and it seems the desire to improve on School Boards. They have been at the same time unscientific and pedantic in the management even of the elementary schools, and the time and opportunity have come to put a better authority in their place. The Government has only to be firm.

The Churchmen and Conservatives on the London School Board have at length some chance of making their influence felt. While they were led or supposed to be led by an obscure person without one single qualification to take any kind of lead in any conceivable movement, necessarily they could do nothing. It is not a striking testimony to their general competence as a group that they acquiesced in this absurd position so long as they did. Their new leader, Mr. Whittaker Thompson, is by no means a brilliant man, but he is educated and a gentleman, and on the School Board these qualities do not go without saying. It is to be hoped Sir Charles Elliott will come to take a more intelligent view of the Education Bill.

The strike of steel-workers in America, which has assumed such proportions that eighty thousand men are now idle, should convince the world that unions of workers are not of this country or that nor of this or that season. They issue from conditions inherent in society and are themselves a necessary factor of progress. The intention of this particular struggle between the Trust and the Unions is obscured by the thoroughly American methods of trying to catch the public favour. The men say through their representatives that their sole object is to prevent the rejection of workers by the Trust on the ground that they belong to the unions. The representatives of the Trust have announced that the unions demand the discharge of non-union men working on union wages if they do not join the union. The two statements cannot be reconciled and it is almost necessary to take the Union's own expression of its intention. It would be tyranny for employers to distinguish between union and non-union workers; it would be equal tyranny of the unions to demand a similar distinction. Meanwhile in spite of vague rumours of reconciliation the strike shows signs of spreading even to the non-union mills.

The outline of the arrangements for the Coronation seems to have been agreed upon by the executive committee of the Privy Council. The ceremony will in all probability take place on 25 June and on the following day there will be an extended procession starting from Buckingham Palace moving eastwards through the City over London Bridge and round by Kennington back to the Palace. It is said that special arrangements have been made to make the procession more than ever representative of the whole Empire to its remotest limits. It is well that such occasions for expressing their loyalty should be offered to as large a number of His Majesty's subjects as possible and the value of such an object lesson in Imperial geography is of a political importance that it is hard to exaggerate. Nothing is more essential to national education than to keep alive a people's imagination; to make the most jaded feel they are the citizens of no mean State. There is value even in the curious demands for traditional functions, in the claim of the Duke of Newcastle to "provide a glove" and of Lord Grey de Ruthyn to carry the golden spurs.

Some remarkable shooting has been witnessed at Bisley during the week. The number of bulls and possibles is no doubt to be accounted for in some measure by the permission accorded to competitors this year to assume the prone position instead of standing or kneeling. On the whole the weather conditions also have not been unfavourable despite what the correspondents describe as the "trickiness" of the wind. The honours seem likely to be divided between Wales, Scotland and Canada. The Bronze Medal goes to Wales, and Welsh marksmen only missed by a point carrying off all three of the newspaper cups. Little less than a third of the competitors for the Silver Medal yesterday were Scotchmen and of twenty Canadians nine were in the running for the second

event. It was, however, won by an East Surrey man. England for the twenty-first time in forty years has also captured the Elcho Shield. The rapid-firing competition, which is intended to give a more practical turn to the Bisley meeting, has led to some confusion, and whether allowed to count in the grand aggregate or not should be continued in future years. Straight shooting in all conditions is the essential thing, however little Lord Raglan and the War Office may be inclined to encourage it by adopting Lord Meath's suggestion that we should imitate the colonial example and catch our marksmen in boyhood.

There are certain preliminary negotiations now in progress as to an international athletic meeting, which help to illustrate the desirability, on which stress was laid in the SATURDAY REVIEW last week, of keeping Henley free from the element of foreign rivalry. In athletics as in rowing Americans hold views of the meaning of sport which are the contradictories of ours. One of the most charming of American writers on sport has confessed this, expressing a good deal of admiration for both. The Americans make "proficiency in games of skill" a business, an end in itself; we do not. Even those, who, like the writer referred to, respect American "whole-heartedness", will allow that competition between the two systems is not productive of good, not on the whole to the advancement either of good fellowship or of excellence in such sports as the Henley Regatta was organised to encourage. It is eminently undesirable that our athletes and rowers should train for two years, even for six months for a particular race; and so long as sham international competitions encourage sportsmen, to whom their sport is for pleasure, to let themselves be dominated by training—or a trainer—the less we hear of foreigners at Henley or elsewhere the better for everybody.

The prospects of the purchase of Marble Hill for the public have grown brighter in the past week. Lord Monkswell reported to the Parks Committee of the London County Council that the owner of the property had met him in a friendly spirit and negotiations are in progress. Yesterday a conference of delegates from the above-mentioned body, from the Twickenham District Council, the Richmond Town Council and the Corporation were discussing the question. The attitude of the press is generally satisfactory. Some of the newspapers were late in moving but they have moved. The more important, without a dissentient voice, are agreed that it is a case for purchase, if necessary, by the ratepayers. It looks as if any deficiency in public grants might be made good by private munificence. A satisfactory piece of news and a good omen is that pending negotiations the tree-cutting has been stopped.

The Consols market on the opening day of this week presented a singularly depressed appearance, and on Tuesday the 16th the lowest record since 1875 was reached, Consols being registered at 91½ for money. Afterwards however the price hardened, thanks largely to the effect of Sir J. Gordon Sprigg's speech at Capetown, and the upward tendency has been well maintained. Owing to the same speech of the Cape Premier as well as to private advices which have come from the Transvaal the tone of the Kaffir market has remained good. A little forced selling has taken place, but against that there have been purchases of an investment nature which have been more than a counterbalance. The American markets have continued to fluctuate greatly. Many depressing influences emanated from the uncertainty as to the outcome and probable duration of the steelworkers' strike, whilst the commencement of a strike among certain of the coalminers introduced a further element of disquietude. Besides, the continuance of the drought, together with a promise of diminished yield in the maize and cotton crops, so weakened certain holders that they threw their stocks upon the market indiscriminately. On Wednesday the reassuring cables from New York as to the settlement of the dispute between the Morgan, Hill and Harriman groups and the reports of rain having fallen in the wheat and maize districts sent prices up in sympathy with New York and a general recovery resulted. Consols 93.

LORD ROSEBERY'S STAB.

IT was a clever idea of the Liberal managers, whether invisible demons below or common fleshly agents above, at the last moment when the other mimes had all shaken hands at the Reform Club and parted, to bring on the stage an old favourite with the people, the ex-star, to pronounce an epilogue alone, all in his own words, upon the whole comedy of Liberalism. No political comedy would be complete without Lord Rosebery, and in this instance he was perfectly fitted with a part, which he could play with the studied enjoyment of a finished dilettante. A stage-manager is certainly providing a highly piquant entertainment when he summons from the stalls to the stage a retired "star", who, in circumstances not unknown to the Opera Syndicate at this moment as also to singers and players of all sorts had left the company, and leaves him to criticise for the enjoyment of the spectators the performances of his former colleagues. He knows all their weak points so well and can put them so gracefully and kindly to the public. He knows exactly why the play failed and lets the audience into all the secrets of the company. He knew they could never succeed as they were going on and watched them taking not only a certain but even a ridiculous road to ruin without so much as saying a word. Could forbearance, could brotherly love to an old fellow-player go farther? What mystery could there be in his restraint? How could anyone mistake his silence for anything but love? The play should have been called *The Wreck*; and Lord Rosebery should be seen sitting fresh, dry, and *soigné* on a rock within hand-reach of the sinking crew, singing from Lucretius "suave mari" &c. But Lord Rosebery would improve on Lucretius, for not content with pointing out to drowning men the advantage of his own position on the shore, he would explain to them, as slowly they subside in the deep waters, exactly what they ought to have done to be saved, and how he knew all the while what would be the end of it, and so kept his own feet dry.

This part of spectator-critic, of moral epilogist, as we have said, suits Lord Rosebery well. There is absolutely no fault to be found with his style or his diction. Polished, restrained, and incisive, his sentences are a model of English composition. There is nothing wrong in the form; to us there seems little wrong in the argument. But diction and judgment do not make a man. It is just that flawless unconsciousness of any deficiency in his own attitude that makes Lord Rosebery's case finally hopeless. A man who could honestly believe that it might be truly patriotic to see a party he believed essential to his country taking a hopelessly wrong course, and not do all in his power to prevent its taking that course, could never play a man of action's part; just as one who imagined the people of England would approve and admire the choice of such aloofness as a line of conduct must be too much out of sympathy with English feeling ever to be a successful politician. If you want to persuade English men and women, you must have a heart, or you must make them think you have one. But they will never believe a man has any real feeling who can quietly watch a struggle in the issue of which he professes to be deeply concerned without taking part in it. Now we know that Lord Rosebery can never guide the destinies of this country. He may be an historian, he may be a philosopher; but a philosopher will never be a great statesman in England; at any rate he will never be a leader of Englishmen. Lord Rosebery's own interpretation of his detachment and silence that it was "simple, obvious, and loyal" is interpreted by the public only in one way: it was obviously and simply selfish; and that he could conceive that such conduct was loyal either to his party or to his country only demonstrates that he has no idea what loyalty is. For what does it come to? He sees his party halting between two opinions, one of which he is convinced must be fatal to the party, also injurious and, if predominant, ultimately fatal to the Empire. He simply watches, moving neither hand nor foot in this vital conflict. What is his excuse? That he might not disturb his old party colleagues, that he should do or

say nothing that could stand in the way of the healing of their divisions. But in the same sentence he states that he knew that these divisions were fundamental and so could not be healed, and contemptuously brushes aside the pretence at agreement arrived at by the Reform Club meeting. Moreover, he observed, he tells us, that his own abstinence had no effect whatever on Liberal unity, and certainly was not making for it. Then what becomes of his excuse for taking no part in the struggle? His inaction is not a mystery, we agree, in the light of Lord Rosebery's character, but it is a pity for him that it is not.

Regret for this incurable defect of quality, which has spoilt a great figure and a great career, is necessarily more keenly felt by those who with ourselves endorse Lord Rosebery's attitude toward imperial questions than by those who agree with Mr. Morley and Mr. Courtney. They can hardly regret the moral paralysis of a dangerous champion in a wrong cause. The more calmly, on the other hand, that we contemplate the intellectual force of Lord Rosebery's survey of the situation, the balance of his judgment, the justice of his perspective, the more keenly we must regret that the head's clear message is not transmitted to the hand. Lord Rosebery is a patriot, we admit: in knowledge and in wish. He loves his country, but not at every cost.

And if we, as Englishmen, feel some indignation at Lord Rosebery's indifference, what must Liberals feel? We cannot help thinking that they have every cause for very deep resentment. He has callously contemplated them in their difficulties and, quietly waiting until they had reached the ridiculous conclusion of the Irish jury that "they were all agreed that they could not agree", he administers with feline agility a nasty scratch with a velvet hand. In some of his sentences one can almost hear the hiss followed by the stealthy swift withdrawal. We know, everyone knows, the unworthy treatment to which Lord Rosebery was subjected when Prime Minister, that he was not supported, rather was actively thwarted, by his first lieutenant Sir William Harcourt, and all allowance must be made for it. But no soreness at past ill-treatment condones vindictiveness, certainly not the vindictiveness that puts a knife scientifically in the right spot in the back and at the right moment. Sir Edward Grey seems to us much more than justified in the very temperate strictures he made on Lord Rosebery's conduct in his speech at Peterborough on Wednesday.

Speculation as to Lord Rosebery's future or the meaning of his dark saying that he will never voluntarily return to party politics does not interest us much. It could not, since in our view he confesses to an incurable infirmity of soul that must be an insuperable obstacle to a great public career. Lord Rosebery may be playing the Achillean part. May be, if the Liberal Imperialists go to him cap in hand with all due submission, he could be induced actively to lead them; but if he were, the same play would be enacted over again. There would be a failure and a resignation. May be he is calculating that the people of England, sick of the failure of politicians all round, may turn to him in years to come, years long enough to allow of forgetfulness of his premiership, as the one man outside the petty give and take of parties, the charming personality who always says just what the people think (because he is silent till it is clear what they do think), the great dark horse of politics. On the other hand instead of turning to him in weariness, they may forget all about him. That is a risky game. There remains the "uncoveted place", the only place Lord Rosebery claims for himself. The detached observer, who cares nothing for party, only for the State, who will be only too happy to give his impartial assistance whenever opportunity may offer—we quite understand all that. Lord Rosebery has aptitude, undoubtedly, for the part; he is best on a non-party platform, after dinner, and in the library, where he can advise without responsibility, speak and not do. The difficulty is that in the English Constitution there is no place for so dignified an extra-partisan but that of the King; and Lord Rosebery is not King.

TOWARDS EARLIER CLOSING.

THE one really important new fact in the history of the movement for the early closing of shops is that the Marquis of Salisbury sat on the Lords' Committee which has just issued its report. Everything in the way of legislation depended on the effect which might be produced on the Premier's mind by his effective personal study of the question as a member of the Committee. When Lord Avebury moved in February that a Committee should be appointed to inquire into the length of the hours of labour in shops, Lord Salisbury's attitude to the question as disclosed by his speech seemed to make the prospect of legislation absolutely hopeless. At that time he was evidently opposed to interference with the labour of adult persons; he dwelt, as he has done so often, on the perils of interference with the liberty of the subject in making free labour contracts; and especially dwelt on the matter from the point of view of the working-class shoppers whose interests, though they were paramount, he seemed to consider had been neglected. In the end he assented to the Committee but repudiated the idea that any Government would be bound by its decision: a special application to this particular case of a favourite theory of his. If he was persuaded by anyone to sit on the Committee himself it was a happy thought. His conversion to the idea of legislation is an accomplished fact, and this makes an infinity of difference to the prospects of the emancipation of shop assistants from the tyrannous conditions of their employment. There are two Bills at present before Parliament, Sir Charles Dilke's in the House of Commons, and Lord Avebury's in the House of Lords. Method however, the particular mode of limiting shop hours, is not the really important question. It did not matter much that Lord Salisbury moved an amendment to the draft Report which recommended the Early Closing Bill "to the favourable consideration of your lordships" except possibly that it may have hurt Lord Avebury's feelings a little. The important fact was that this amendment was a tacit acceptance of the principle which runs through all proposals to legislate as to employment in shops: that is to say of the power of the local authorities over the shops in their districts. Sir Charles Dilke's Bill refers the question to them in one way: Lord Avebury's refers it in another.

It is not worth while arguing about either scheme at present, because it seems quite clear that the next step will be for the Government to take the question out of the hands of private members of Parliament and produce a Bill of their own. Lord Salisbury's proposition is that local authorities, instead of having complete seisin of the question, shall be authorised to pass provisional orders making such regulations in respect to the closing of shops as may seem to them to be necessary for the areas under their jurisdiction: and that these provisional orders shall be submitted to Parliament in the usual manner before acquiring the force of law. What may be the special advantage, if any, of this third method of entrusting powers to the local authorities it is yet too early to discuss. The application of the provisional order procedure to a class of questions of this nature is a novelty; there has been little or no public discussion of it; and we imagine it rather took the Committee by surprise when it was proposed to them. All this matters very little at present: and the one important fact is that the Prime Minister has signed a report recommending that Parliament should legislate with the object of regulating the conditions of labour in one of the most extensive departments of distributive trade. Such a step when taken will be the first in the way of direct regulation of hours of male adults, and of the recognition that in industrial life there are other weak and helpless classes besides women and children. The age and sex distinction will lose all its value as argument, and every case proposed for Government regulation may thus be considered on its merits.

What the merits are in this case of the early closing of shops have been apparent enough ever since the Commons' Committee of 1886 made its report;

and the Lords' Committee has not added any information of importance. More medical evidence was taken by the latter Committee than by the former, but already it was known that there was a great body of the most eminent medical men, the leaders of their profession, who of their own motion had prepared a formidable statement of the terrible evils of too prolonged labour both to men, women, and young persons, and especially of the two latter classes, in shops, who had called the attention of Parliament to the subject, and had urged the passing of an Early Closing Bill. It was already known that eighty, eighty-four, often ninety hours a week are worked in many shops, not including hours worked after closing. It has been shown that these hours are spent in circumstances insanitary, in bad atmosphere, in surroundings causing that dread disease known popularly as consumption and others of a tubercular character. From the medical point of view nothing required to be proved. If anything remains of the humanity which insisted on the horrors of the factory system before the Acts being removed, or if there is anything of the feeling which we are often told has become more manifest of late years, that national health must be protected for State reasons even though industry has to be put under restraints, then the time has arrived for legislation in the interests of the multitude of shop assistants who are leading lives incompatible with health and the intelligent and energetic performance of their duties as citizens.

Since the Committee of 1886 reported, the efforts of voluntary associations of shopkeepers and assistants have been tried. The Lords' Committee report that, though matters would have been worse but for them, it is the general opinion of the tradesmen's associations, a great number of whose representatives were examined, that the limit of voluntary efforts has been reached and that nothing short of legislation will be effective. The jealousies and rivalries of individual traders are fatal to concerted action though they all admit they would welcome a general compulsory closing. The view of the Committee is in favour of this. They have no doubt been influenced by the fact that amongst smaller shopkeepers, who especially suffer from unconscionably long hours, many of them carry on business with members of their own family, and they would thus have an unfair advantage over their rivals, who must employ assistants, if the method of regulating the hours of paid assistants were to be adopted.

It may be taken as proved that shopkeepers as a class are now prepared to support early closing legislation. There remains the question of the customers. It is unfortunate that more direct evidence was not produced on this point. The indirect testimony of witnesses such as trade-union representatives, and of co-operative officials whose shops usually close much earlier than those of individual traders though their customers are of the same class, all tended to minimise the allegations of hardship to the consumer. Lord Salisbury as we said had made a special point of this hardship in his committal speech, but he signs the report without any remark on the subject. Very possibly it is a sufficient guarantee of this difficulty being met that the local authorities in framing their provisional orders will have to take into account the local feeling of their constituents. Local discussion will bring home to the general inhabitants their duties towards the shopkeepers, when they have brought forcibly to their consciences the evils which they would be responsible for perpetuating. The artisan classes have obtained shorter hours for themselves, and they are not entitled any more than other classes by their bad habit, which late shopping undoubtedly is in most cases, to exercise a tyranny over others. In a sense the customer is an employer, and he ought not any more than another employer, to do as he likes with those who serve him. As far as the early closing of shops may affect the brightness of the street promenades in some quarters, that may well be a question to be considered by the local authorities when they construct their provisional orders. The quarters may have to devise some alternative; but here again no class is entitled to take its recreations at too much cost in the health and happiness of those who depend on its favour.

NEW SUMMER TRAINS.

JULY always sees a great deal of change in the passenger services of the chief British railways, and this summer the new time-tables have attracted more attention than usual. They who take serious thought of the problems of transportation have long regarded it as something very like a national disgrace that we should have fallen so far behind the railway standard of other countries: whilst even the shareholder of the baser kind, who looks on railways simply as machines for the production of dividends, has in many cases come to the conclusion that his position in any event can scarcely be worse than that into which he has drifted thanks to a policy of stagnation on the part of the companies. So the rumour that this summer many important changes were to be inaugurated created no little interest in all parts of the country. The new services are now in working order but the improvements, welcome enough so far as they go, are on the whole insufficient and disappointing. The North-Eastern, as usual of late years, leads the way with a general smartening up of its trains on all parts of the system and an extension of its very fine services between the West Riding and the coast. The other chief alterations on British lines occur almost exclusively in connexion with the three great groups of services between London and Scotland, London and the West of England, and London and the seaside.

To deal first with the last class. The South-Eastern and Chatham Companies have started a good new train in each direction between Victoria, Folkestone and Dover, running via the Maidstone branch of the Chatham Company from London to Ashford and thence over the South-Eastern main line. The company's extensions in the London district are now well advanced and at Whitsuntide it was found possible to do away with that curious survival of early days, the arrangement by which trains on the Greenwich line passed one another on the right-hand side: so now the custom that trains shall follow the ordinary rule of the road and keep to the left is universal throughout the country. The usual summer expresses to Whitby, Cromer, Llandudno, and other places along the East and West coasts have been started, but there are no improvements worth recording. The South-Western Company has at length added a slightly faster train to Portsmouth, but the services to that town and—in spite of the new connexion between the Cowes boats and Southampton West—to the whole Isle of Wight district remain as a whole quite indifferent, and we cannot see how the promoters of the Solent Tunnel can hope for much traffic unless they succeed in putting a little life into their work between London and the coast.

The services to and from the West of England are just now in a very interesting condition. Last summer it suddenly flashed on the South-Western that the time had come to make an effort to recover some of the Devon and Cornwall traffic, which they had allowed to fall almost entirely into the hands of the Great Western, although that company was handicapped by having a much more circuitous route. This year the contest has been renewed. The 10.50 A.M. from Waterloo now reaches Exeter in three and a half hours as against the three hours and thirty-eight minutes taken by the "Cornishman" from Paddington. To Plymouth and Devonport however the competition is closer, the South-Western winning by just one minute, though of course with its longer journey the rival train gives much the finer performance. The Great Western has carried the acceleration right away to the end of its line at Penzance and that little town is now only eight hours from London. Thus it will be seen that to the far west a real struggle is taking place, though neither company has yet introduced satisfactory dining-car arrangements and the South-Western still adheres to the lamentable old pattern of carriages with isolated compartments.

It seems quite impossible for any railway engaged in the Scotch traffic to advertise the smallest alteration without convincing the daily press that we are on the eve of another race to the North. As a matter of fact the summer time-tables of the East coast and West coast companies are this year without novelty entirely un-

sensational: no effort has been made to revert to the high speeds prevailing five years ago. Locally, it is true, the North-Eastern Company, which is now running some of the fastest trains in the world, is giving a splendid service up and down between the chief towns in its district and Scotland; but London passengers unfortunately do not benefit by the enterprise of this provincial line and are generally unaware of its merits; while the other companies concerned appear to regard it with feelings of strong repugnance.

Probably the chief interest has centred in the doings of the Midland, which at last has determined to try to obtain some return for the grave obligations which it undertook in perpetuity on the building of the Forth Bridge. It has entirely revised both its day and night services, adding to the number of trains run and making many far-reaching improvements, though we question whether the reform has gone quite far enough to draw passengers in very large numbers. The finest of the new day trains leaves S. Pancras at 9.30, arrives at Carlisle at 3.45, Glasgow at 6.20, and Edinburgh at 6.5. A new night express leaving at 7.20 P.M. brings Edinburgh within 8½ hours of London by this route and is the first of the evening Scotch trains by any line to have a dining-car attached: yet for some inscrutable reason the company does not seem to wish its passengers to avail themselves of this advantage, for though the train is made up of new rolling stock the vestibules between the various vehicles are not all connected up and the dining-car is therefore inaccessible after the train has once started. Here surely is a piece of folly for which the most backward southern company might blush. The result of the various alterations in regard to these trains to the North is that the actual time taken upon the journey to Scotland by the Midland line is undoubtedly less than it has ever been, and the service incomparably better. At the same time there is something almost pathetic in the pride of the company at its latest achievements, for the speed attained by the best of the new trains between S. Pancras and Carlisle is only slightly better than that of the day express to Glasgow as long ago as 1888. The delay at Normanton for dinner is now avoided, and the much-vaunted improvements of 1901 do little more than restore the line to the position in the matter of speed which it occupied as a matter of course in its energetic days. If we can judge by the newspaper reports of their unpunctuality, the new trains have not begun very successfully. Beyond Carlisle the Midland expresses are worked forward to Glasgow by the Glasgow and South-Western Company and to Edinburgh and the North by the North British. The Glasgow and South-Western have taken the improved service very phlegmatically and could give a much greater speed if they chose; the North British have reverted to the practice of running from Carlisle to Edinburgh without a stop and have adopted a standard timing of two hours and a quarter for the journey instead of the two hours and twenty minutes in force many years ago.

Contrary to the policy of the rival North-Western line the Midland still persists in making its through expresses between London and Scotland call at various important towns on the way and thus, accidentally as it were, the service between S. Pancras and Leeds has suddenly been immensely improved. So good has it become that the Great Northern has felt its old supremacy in that quarter in jeopardy and at once shown some of its old energy and grip. The existing service has been overhauled and a very good new up train put on in the afternoon, which runs to London in a very few minutes over three and a half hours, thus beating the famous three and three-quarter hour expresses which ran for a short time twenty-one years ago.

THE ARMS OF THE SERVICE.

I.—INFANTRY.

A DISCUSSION of infantry tactics and training brings us very near to a general criticism on the manner in which our battles in South Africa were fought, for it is infantry which is the predominant arm—it is through the action of infantry that battles are

lost or won. It is a difficult matter to differentiate between the leading of the larger infantry units, and the skill in tactics exhibited by our generals. It is of the former however that we wish now to speak, and of the training of the individual soldier.

That the private soldier is a fine fellow there can be no doubt, but there can equally be no doubt that he was over and over again invited to do what the drill book declared to be dangerous, undesirable, or even impossible. The drill book may be as much in fault as some grumblers have declared it to be, and some who endeavoured to act up to its spirit rather than the letter may have been snubbed by pedantic drill masters, but how much more in fault than must those have been who ignored its plain advice in these days which are supposed to have left it far behind as obsolete and only adapted to the warfare of thirty years ago? There is no doubt something very jejune and unimaginative about its sections, yet after all many a soldier would have been saved to King and country, had the unpretentious paragraphs been more closely studied. If commonplace and well-worn axioms are ignored in war, unless astounding luck intervene, a heavy penalty is always paid. If the best battalions in the world are flung recklessly straight on a strong position bristling with modern rifles, defeat will surely follow. If outposts be not placed so as to deny to the enemy commanding ground near your camp, its peace may be broken into by sudden assaults. If steps be not taken to make good ground already gained, it may slip from your grasp. If having beaten your enemy you do not harass and pursue—but we really cannot pursue the chronicle of our ineptitude further. *Infandum renovare dolorem* is a hateful task. Let us in preference see how we may do better another time. Education and selection must ensure us better generals, and the men they lead must also be as efficient as we can make them.

Before we fight a battle we must march to meet our foe, and high authority said long ago that "victory lay in the legs". It is befitting therefore to discuss marching first. In South Africa our battalions marching without packs were in this respect almost always equal to the occasion, but little could be learnt from comparison with other troops because their opponents being mounted could not be weighed in the same balance with them. But that there is a great art and method in conducting marches and in preparation for them is conspicuously seen in the various degrees of excellence attained to in this respect by various units. It was also instructive to notice how the men discarded regulation methods of wearing haversacks, and how they almost all arrived at the same solution in practically working out the easiest method. That method should now be the regulation one, and a haversack slung in the centre of a man's back, when packs are not carried, should carry all he needs in bivouac. We must however make up our minds whether our men are to carry packs habitually on active service, or whether they are to be conveyed in carts; and train our men accordingly. Carrying weight is largely a matter of habit. The Germans and French intend their men to carry heavy packs in war, and therefore they wear them continually at drills and exercises. On the hottest days during manoeuvres they may be seen therefore carried with ease on the Continent. Our men did not carry their packs in South Africa, and we rarely see them carried in summer in England. If they are to carry them in war, our system must be altered. If they are not, it may go on perhaps as at present. But the point must be settled. The fitting of boots, attention to feet, and as much practice in covering long distances as possible will do the rest, and our battalions will arrive on the scene still fresh and eager to undertake the fight. It is unfortunately not superfluous to insist that a pause on arrival must be made to admit of due preparation for the advance, and that the opening of the artillery bombardment should not greatly precede the appearance of the infantry on the scene. The enemy will very possibly not man his defences at all till this occurs, and until he does so hundreds of shells may plough the ground in vain. What is needed here is that there should be an intelligent co-operation between the two arms, and that infantry should leave preliminary fire to the batteries

and think only of pushing forward until losses compel them to use their rifles. A great variety of opinion as to when that will occur even in open country will be manifest, and circumstances will, as always in war, overbear any hard and fast rules, but up to 1,200 yards losses may often be borne by good troops without halting to fire and delay the advance, while much execution on troops in proper fighting formation is not to be looked for from musketry beyond that range. If fire has to be opened it will probably be better to tell off certain units to deliver it, and these should not be regarded as part of the firing line, but should make the covering of the advance of that portion by fire their main duty, and should be left in rear to carry it out undisturbed. But at 800 yards or so fire will usually have to be replied to generally and then it is very questionable whether volley firing and the direction of fire by the word of command of officers will any longer be feasible. We must educate our men up to a degree of fire discipline that will make independent firing possible.

To dogmatise on attack formations is not only undesirable but positively detrimental. To make good use of the cover afforded by the ground which lies between you and the enemy's position is the foundation of all success in a modern assault. You need also, however, a hold over your men, the product of discipline, of personal confidence, of esprit de corps or loyalty to King and country, such as will influence and carry them onward in the final stages. Formations should therefore be adapted to the lie of the ground on the day of battle, should aim at preserving the influence of the officer as long as possible, and should vary just as the natural features of the country vary. Whether men should move forward in long continuous lines, or in one long line followed by small flexible columns, is a matter about which interminable argument may arise. Also which formation is the more vulnerable is again not easily decided. There are however certain principles which should govern our action. In the first place the front of a modern attack should be of very considerable width, and the advance should be more of an enveloping character than were the deep formations lately in fashion. Secondly one portion of a unit should always cover with its fire the advance of another. This principle should be exhibited in the action of the smallest as well of the largest bodies. Our foes have given us a lesson here which we should profit by. In all of their really determined attacks, the progress of even one man was covered by the fire of a comrade on the watch behind. Whether the echelons that move forward be groups or sections, or half companies, or complete companies must depend on the size of the force and the nature of the ground, but in each and every case reinforcements or advancing bodies must conceal themselves as much as possible and not stand up and move forward straight ahead with that magnificent disregard of the features of the ground which cost us so many lives at the beginning of the war. To conduct an attack on the principles foreshadowed will demand a high standard of training and intelligence on the part of officers and men. On the one hand it will necessitate much irksome instruction, on the other it will serve to give an interest and zest to instruction such as could not be got out of the old stereotyped procedure. The difficulty will be to find suitable ground for instruction, but that is a difficulty which we may hope to see overcome in the future.

Closely connected with a system of mutual support is the principle of securing successive fire positions, and in them gaining breathing time for another effort. Finally, a main fire position from which the final advance takes place is arrived at. In a long line of attack it will often happen that owing to the local conditions one portion of the line may succeed in forging ahead considerably further than others. These must effect lodgements perhaps even in the hostile position itself, which should be at once secured by such hasty means of fortification as may be to hand, and it should be an invariable rule that the first steps taken on capturing the main position or any portions of it should be to make them good against counter-attack. With this object parties to carry forward stones or sandbags should be arranged for. If it be not possible to carry

forward such things, they may be passed forward from the rear from man to man until they reach the firing line. Cover obtained in this way will give protection against musketry. Guns must keep down the fire of the hostile artillery. If they cannot do so and there be not unusually good natural cover available, it will be hopeless to launch an attack against a position from which both infantry and artillery fire is being poured unchecked. Before leaving the subject of the carrying out of an attack we must draw attention to the heavy loss in officers which has made us pay so dearly for our recent victories. It is, we believe, to be traced largely to the present instructions in the drill book which direct officers commanding half companies to "select the ground to which the next advance is to be made, and lead their half companies." In practice this works out very much as follows. The men are cautioned that they are about to advance, their fire ceases to enable the officer to get in front, and for a moment he is the only man on his feet, and the cessation of fire has enabled the enemy to lift their heads and aim. A great many bullets can be discharged even in a brief moment from magazine rifles, and it is, we believe, largely due to this periodical exposure of officers that the heavy casualties amongst them are to be traced. Highly trained men should advance at the word of command of an officer who can give it lying down in rear, and the whole of the unit should rise and move forward at the same moment, while, as we have pointed out, a neighbouring unit of equal strength is ready to cover their advance with fire.

LES GRANDES CHALEURS.

TO mingle with the Parisians in these afternoons of heat, of glare, is not much of a distraction. Instead of stepping the boulevards, it is pleasanter to retire to your room where, with the curtains drawn, you can accomplish little duties—long neglected—in slippers, humming as you move to and fro; pleasanter still to idle in the shade of your porte cochère—if you have one—stretched on a deck chair, en déshabille. No one, passing, will pause to survey you; you may unfurl a fan, close your eyes, even start in your sleep without provoking so much as a wink or smile. Any interest the Parisian might take in you on other occasions lies dormant now. He cares nothing for your nationality, your opinions; his one aim is to keep cool, avoid the sun, and, for want of a better oasis—there being rarely a "shady side"—he artfully gets behind a crawling cab or walks carefully in the shadow of the man immediately in front, or steps as on a tight-rope the protected strip of pavement which runs ribbon-like along at the foot of shop-windows. Heat, in fact, exhausts, also exasperates him. He frets and he fumes, in the shade and in the sun. His temper mounts with the thermometer; the slightest exertion, the smallest emotion, prostrates him during "les grandes chaleurs"—but his anger does not develop into alarm until he receives notice that, in consequence of other sources being exhausted, his water will be temporarily supplied by the Seine. Then, fear overtakes the Parisian. He flushes, gesticulates—perhaps his eyes fill. And, to the first friend on his path, in a choking voice, he says, "Mon pauvre ami, on va nous empoisonner. C'est indigne; c'est monstrueux. Nous voici enfin en pleine décadence: il n'y a plus moyen de boire de l'eau". Almost a panic follows: "Eau de Seine" is pronounced with the same tremor, the same awe as "The Black Death is coming"—"The enemy will attack in three minutes"—"The prairie is on fire". "Eau de Seine" becomes the cry of the hour: spreads from the Latin Quarter to Montmartre, from the boulevards to black Belleville. "Eau de Seine" lures the Parisian to the quays where, bending over the parapet, he stares anxiously at the river. And should any innocent worldling inquire, Why does the prospect of sipping "Eau de Seine" thus agitate you? terrify you? rob you of that self-control and admirable imperturbability for which Frenchmen are so universally renowned? the Parisian will reply that microbes—"des microbes néfastes"—are embodied in that water, microbes which when viewed through a microscope display bristles, angry eyes and countless legs, microbes deft enough

to foil all filters, microbes whose amazing ingenuity has successfully defied the genius and science of France for generations past. Yet—and his voice grows shrill—he must drink this water, this poison. His wife must drink it; his children, his servants, his concierge, all must drink it: all, perhaps, will fall ill. Hear Rochefort furious in the "Intransigeant"—"Beware of this latest infamy. Beware of the Ministère de Trahison, the modern Medicis, whose sinister scheme it is to poison you." Hear the students of the Latin Quarter—"Weep for the Eau de Source, that crystal water, now alas! exhausted. Pray for its return. In the meanwhile escape death by drinking bock, nothing but bock, quantities of bock." Again, hear the chansonniers: "Les Empoisonneurs"—"Gare à l'eau"—"Le Triomphe des Microbes" are the songs they sing in the cabarets of Montmartre. Finally, hear the apoplectic bourgeois: "Pas d'eau, pas de glace, pas de vent . . . rien! Une belle civilisation, ma foi! Quelle admirable ville, mon cher! Ah, les grandes chaleurs!"

And so, throughout the day, the Parisian holds forth against the heat, and, panting about the city with his umbrella—grumbles. Often, he exchanges hot words with his favourite waiter during luncheon, with the omnibus conductor, with a cocher. Nor is he made amiable by a sojourn in the "Établissement de Bains", of which he has suddenly become an assiduous habitué. At night, when the air is hot, he gasps; no gossip amuses him, he is not to be entertained by anecdotes—anxiously he sits up waiting for a breeze which never comes and, speculating upon the number of deaths that have taken place from sunstroke during the day, grimly predicts an increase of victims for the morrow. And we, in our distress, gasp also; our temper is as intolerable as his . . . well do we know that the slightest awkwardness on either side—his elbow jogged by ours, our foot disturbed by his—would bring about a quarrel. Angry days—days of irritation—days that should be devoted entirely to siestas! Since no one cares for us, why should we seek companionship? Since we ourselves are indifferent to everyone's emotions, why should we not resolve only to analyse our own in the cool solitude of our room or the shade of the porte cochère? So—let us conceal ourselves, watch carefully over ourselves, allow ourselves little comforts, little luxuries, which will cheer us in our isolation; let us place the fan within easy reach, the cigarettes at our elbow, the siphon on the ice; let us do everything quietly—with infinite deliberation—first of all determining whether it be worth the while; let us doze, dream and dream again, by day and by night, and—in the cool of the morning—at half-past four—rise leisurely, dress lightly, go forth into the streets, into a park, for recreation.

The street is ours; we are masters of the place, temporarily we possess this part of Paris. We are alone. Not a cat disputes our proprietorship: we could sing, recite aloud; skip along bareheaded—unheard, unnoticed. How innocent we feel and how virtuous! We have risen with the lark, we are as matinal as that honest fellow, the ploughman. We are "the early bird": pointing towards that stretch of shutters we might sermonise on sloth, continue a reproachful address by quoting the first line of that admirable rhyme "Early to bed and early to rise" . . . and, striking our breast meaningly, with fine emphasis, conclude "makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise". Importantly, we turn corners; waiting for no traffic, making place for no person, we pass on until the gates of the Jardin du Luxembourg come in view. Somehow or another they have been thrown open, though not an imprint of a footstep on the gravel betokens the recent presence of a keeper: and this is odd, for the keepers of the Luxembourg are retired soldiers whose constant perambulations are deliberate, martial. And the garden is ours; we are masters of every path, temporarily we are in sole possession of the lawns, the statues, the flower-beds. In the distance, the Senate, veritably a "Palais de Sommeil"; Monsieur le Président, Messieurs his secretaries, sleep; over there, the Boul' Mich, deserted, trodden gaily but four hours ago by Paul, Pierre, Bibi—Bibi "that original with an amazing past". Paul sleeps and Bibi sleeps, perhaps Bibi snores; but we are up, we are on the frontier of that kingdom of follies in which we

too have frequently rejoiced, alone instead of in a group, drinking in morning air instead of sipping bock. And here, in order to account for our interest in the insects in the grass, the sparrows on the statues, the flowers and the moss,—we are forever stooping and peering like chiffoniers over broken bottles and seedy stuffs,—here let us confess that our time has been wholly spent in towns among towny people, and, that consequently, earthy items, most things rural, are new to us. In fact, we know more of horses than cows, more of dogs than ducks; while our impression of a flock of sheep, of the shepherd, has been gained by pictures, cinematographs, hasty glances cast from a fifty-mile-an-hour train. So is it not extraordinary that a mere daisy astonishes us—a daisy tinged with pink—over which we bend, observing it sideways, all ways. Nor is it curious that we shrink from a worm as a yokel might shrink from a serpent. But we watch the worm, from a distance marvel at it. And we almost grovel before a ladybird, a brilliant beetle; and have seen nothing more remarkable than that caterpillar covered with a kind of fur. This butterfly is less of a surprise, we have admired it in back gardens, as it fluttered about—unhappy, perhaps—in shy streets, their only adornment; but we are overwhelmed by the energy of a swarm of ants, black ants that are evidently accomplishing some prodigious work . . . a thoroughfare? a mansion? a tunnel? And so, what with stooping and peering, even digging in quest of further curiosities with a twig, we progress but slowly round the garden; and are just about to study a snail, when footsteps sound. And we look up startled and see—a "noceur" reeling home, pale, dishevelled. And we reflect over the folly, the intemperance of man, and say, "How ill he looks and how ill he must feel! But how well, how very well are we!" From the distance comes the sound of other footsteps; but we heed them not, study the snail. And when the creature issues from its shell, displaying horns, we are all attention, all excitement. It creeps: and we strain our eyes. It stops; and we stoop lower. But it sees us: does not like us: retreats into its shell, and then, as several figures cross the garden, we feel the sun; realise that the business of life has commenced and that our solitude is over. Workmen pass, with tools. Keepers come out, with heavy sticks. A group of little modistes hurries by, laughing. Over there, we see a parasol, then an umbrella: and . . . Yes . . . here he is, here he comes, the first bourgeois—already mopping his brow, already panting. He removes his hat, brings forth his handkerchief again. He pauses, breathing heavily. He moves on, his temper mounting. He meets a keeper, and addresses him. And as we pass him on our way back to the cool solitude of our room, the shade of the porte cochère, we see him gesticulating, hear him declaring, "La situation devient de plus en plus grave: partout, des microbes et des mouches. C'est indigne; c'est monstrueuse, c'est même infame. Ah, les grandes chaleurs!"

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

UNDER the sweltering rays of a mid-day July sun—the thermometer registering one hardly likes to think what in the shade—a pilgrimage to the classic but outlying gardens of Chiswick is a thing not lightly to be contemplated. For the pilgrim from Central London there are indeed nowadays the Twopenny Tube and the electric tramway to help him along—and he may well cry a blessing on them both. Still the pilgrimage is an undertaking, no doubt about that, spite of all that applied science may do to accelerate our wayfaring, and alleviate its distresses. Courteous and gentle reader, dost thou at all appreciate the pains we have endured in order, if possible, thou mayest enjoy something of the beauty, of the fragrance, that the Royal Horticultural Society has just been so lavishly expending for thee in its beautiful grounds—enjoy them without the effort of journeying thither, as thou reclinest placidly in thy arm-chair within the grateful shade of thy quiet house? Ladies and gentlemen of this Royal Society, do ye feel any thrill of gratitude that we should have braved the trials of your distant call, that we may sing your praises,

applaud your horticultural devotion, register your delightful successes up and down the land?

On Tuesday and Wednesday, 16 and 17 July, this admirable body bade us to its show of lilies, and to a conference thereupon. Of the latter this is hardly the place to discourse. Many learned travellers and savants said many learned and interesting things about their favourites that melting Tuesday afternoon under the shelter of their spacious marquee: but these observations will be duly recorded by-and-by, no doubt, in their Transactions, and there more leisurely and profitably digested. But of the lilies themselves, of their grace, their perfume, their brilliant or delicate coloration, their amazing elegance of form—can one convey, however faintly, some passing impression of all these charms, and stir some desire in a breast here and there to make acquaintance with them on another occasion not through a poor Saturday Reviewer's medium but at first hand face to face?

Even the most enthusiastic devotee, however, will hardly deny that in the mass a show of lilies has none of the effectiveness of a show of roses, say, or a show of chrysanthemums. The large glass-house at Chiswick with its lofty and elegantly arched roof deliciously overhanging throughout with vine-leaves provided a grateful retreat to the visitor as he passed out of the glaring light and insufferable heat—"annihilating" all that's made to a green thought in a green shade. Nothing could be more tender, more refreshing, more soothing. But the lilies themselves, these famous blossoms we had come so far to see, hardly at once asserted their presence, certainly did not at once overwhelm us, as many flowers do. One almost had to look for them, as it were, and only gradually and by searching out did they reveal their virtues, and their charm steal over and captivate one. Who shall blame them for this reticence, this sweet modesty? Is it not what we associate with the very idea and name of a lily? Does the flower not stand in the popular fancy by a natural, inevitable association amongst all the gracious blossoms of the earth for maiden chastity and retirement? As the dove amongst birds, so is the lily amongst flowers. Sentiment, mere sentiment, cry science and practicality. Well, of course it is sentiment: but what does that matter? Nay, rather, how much does it matter? Think of human nature without sentiment! Think of men and women looking out upon the world only under the dry light of fact, their fancy and emotion stirred by nothing that there meets them! The poet has sketched for us a portrait of the arid creature to whom a yellow primrose is a yellow primrose, and there's an end of it. We do not admire this straightforward insensibility, this dull directness. To a human soul nature shall be a treasure-house of spiritual symbols not less than a store of phenomena and useful agencies, or he misses half her education, more than half her gracious purpose for him. The constant tradition of many ages and many lands that has linked the lily with the image of the *virgo sanctissima* is not mere child's play, a relic of the world's infancy, which we fine fellows of to-day may well shake ourselves clear of and strut forward.

Not, we must candidly confess, that all lilies are of virginal whiteness, suggesting naught but cloistered purity and the fragrance of an innocent soul. "The lilies and languors of virtue" writes Mr. Swinburne somewhere in his resonant alliterative manner, setting them off against "the raptures and roses of vice". Yet undoubtedly there are lilies and lilies, and many a one looks far from languid or virtuous, but rather of a "hue angrie and brave". The *lilium candidum*, the *lilium longiflorum*, even the *lilium browni* with its exterior of soft, sombre purple, are tender and pure enough: but look away at two other species, with their sonorous imperial titles, the *lilium chalcedonicum* Heldreichi, and the *lilium dalmaticum*. Their sharply upturned petals dyed in rich crimson, or in a deep purple that at the edges seems burnt almost into blackness, these both in their forms and colour are suggestive of far other ideas than candour and innocence; while the fierce orange of the *lilium croceum* is of almost a tiger's savageness. It would seem as if this whole family of flowers were impatient of compromises, and when once they have put off their whiteness rush inconspicuously into the fullest oranges and reds, the effect of

these strong dyes heightened often by the wax-like surface of the petals. Bring them all together in a mass, the lilies virginal and the lilies blood-stained, the lilies virginal and the fierce, assertive tiger lilies. One fancies, reading such words about them (and they are fair words)—what a gorgeous, at least what an imposing array must assuredly result. We shall be wandering in an enchanted garden of richness and radiance. No, it is not so. With the exception, perhaps, of the common Annunciation Lily of our cottages, these splendid heads do not group impressively. In a large measure the slashed character of their blossoms is to blame for this, and the growth of their narrow leaves. In the mass they have somewhat of a straggling, an untidy aspect: they seem sprawling and spider-like. One has to write this down against them reluctantly, only it is the fact.

Yet, after all, what is it against them? Rather, what unreasonable and impertinent criticism it is to complain of these imperial things that they demand to be looked upon one by one in stately aloofness, not condescending to be dealt with in bundles, as a rabble of common blossoms! They are as kings and queens that must stand apart and have a proper reverence done them. Conceive a nosegay of lilies! The thought is preposterous. You must have the whole growth of the plant from the leaves at its base right up its graceful stem to the blossoms crowning it—you must have all this before your eyes, or its glory will remain for you unrevealed. A rose is almost still a rose snipped off and stuck into your buttonhole; so with a carnation, an orchid, a chrysanthemum—they are almost themselves, when it is nothing you have but a head of them. But a lily treated thus is a lily outraged and ruined, it is piteous, its ignominy cries out upon you as a criminal, you deserve never again to have sight or scent of any flower the earth brings forth for you.

We trust it hardly needs to be added that nothing we have said should be taken as any slight upon the scientific investigation and culture of this splendid group of plants, or upon those special interests in them which belong only to the scientist and collector through his devoted studies. The knowledge that comes of such studies, the kind of appreciation that comes of them—for all this we have the sincerest regard: and with the most erudite member of a botanical society we could readily spend delightful moments, were he to let us sit at his feet and be initiated into the curious mysteries of his pursuit. This little discourse, however, is purely *ad populum*, the thoughts of a plain man to the passer-by aroused by a charming flower-show, for the sight of which he was very grateful.

"LE ROI D'YS."

COVENT GARDEN has distinguished itself by producing the second novelty of its season. "Much Ado" was the first; and on Wednesday we were given the second, "Le Roi d'Ys". No one for a moment supposed that the second would come off; but the unexpected has happened; and we have heard the great work. Before criticising it one may be permitted perhaps to remark that the immorality of the thing must have caused exquisite pain to some of the critics who were present. It is a curious fact that the hot weather, which is presumed to exercise an unhealthy influence on most of the lower animals, has had precisely the opposite effect on some of these gentlemen. One of these vexed beings said a couple of weeks ago (in effect) not only that "Messaline" was an immoral work, but that those of us who liked it were—to use his own polite phrase—"effeminate fools". To continue this digression, last week this same angry spirit renewed the attack, saying that with regard to "Messaline" "there is here no question of morality—it is merely a matter of decency". And he proceeded to prove the truth of his statement by quoting what is said about Messalina by one of the rather conventional stage blackguards attached to her court. I have really very little patience with this nonsense. The truth is that Mr. "R. Peggio" is writing for a weekly circular issued by an excellent firm of second-hand booksellers; and he feels it necessary to play up to the audience which reads this

circular, an audience of young suburban ladies who would be greatly annoyed if their fathers found them reading a line approving of an opera written about so naughty a female as the Empress Messalina. If the subject were Carmen or the Lady with the Camellias it would not matter; but in these days of School Boards and Board schools nearly everyone has sufficient knowledge of old history to be aware that Messalina was not all that she might have been. So poor Mr. "R. Peggio" has to write to suit this public, and, incidentally, to stultify himself. That is the worst of doing hackwork for a second-hand bookseller. So far has he been carried away by his craze for special pleading that Mr. "R. Peggio"—in other words Mr. E. A. Baughan—actually describes Leporello's catalogue song in "Don Giovanni" as "merely a humorous list of Don Giovanni's conquests". This is amazing. If that song is "merely a humorous list" then "Messaline" is a thing to be played in a Kindergarten. Where "Messaline" is reserved or ambiguous the Catalogue song is painfully explicit. But really it is useless to argue with these people. They dislike Lara, they cannot tolerate the notion of an English composer writing a successful work, and since—knowing nothing at first-hand about music, never themselves having set down a note on paper, being utterly unable to play so much as an early Beethoven sonata on the piano—they cannot with any certainty criticise the music, so they seize upon this cheap indecency cry to run down a work of which they ought to be proud.

All this, however, as I have said, is a digression. It was provoked by the story of "Le Roi d'Ys". For here we have two sisters in love with the same gentleman; we have the unsuccessful sister trying to compass the ruin not only of the lady who is loved by this gentleman but also of everyone else in the drama. In fact we have little more than the lascivious story of "Aida" over again, though it is told in a form far less tense. It has not been denounced, until now, on the ground of its immorality or indecency, and for this I am thankful. For Lalo's opera will have an uphill fight before it gains proper recognition in this country, and scandalous though the attacks upon "Messaline" have been, it would be by far more shocking if a charming work like "Le Roi d'Ys" were ruined by rash charges of one sort or another. It is a very beautiful work. By now the story of Lalo's life has been lifted from the musical dictionaries by those industrious bees, the critics of the daily press, and handed on, sweetened and exaggerated, to everyone who is ever so foolish as to read the daily press; so—as a penny newspaper can be bought anywhere for a penny—it is not necessary for me to say anything about him. I need only add that "Le Roi d'Ys" was written nearly thirty years ago and produced at the Opéra Comique in Paris in 1888. It is not by any means a great or powerful opera. Strength is the element it chiefly lacks. Lalo knew perfectly well the moments when he ought to put forth all his strength; but unfortunately he was far from being a great inventor and when he tried to write (for example) a big theme for the trombones he often ran the risk of becoming cheap. Sometimes he wrote passages that at first impress one, but when you hear them three or four times you cease to be impressed: they turn out to be rhetoric of rather a common kind. It is in the handling of gentle and tender melody that Lalo is most successful. He has taken a number of Breton melodies and treated them with enormous skill. The music flows on almost without a break. Here and there the thing is faked, it is true; now and again one feels that he was really at his wit's end to know what to do and was content to make a wild shot and leave it at that; but for the most part he is sincere and handles his material with free mastery. The long duet cannot stir one as does the duet in "Tristan"—"Le Roi d'Ys" is far from being a "Tristan"—yet there is a real note of passion in it. Some of the songs are delightful. And always the instrumentation is above reproach. The whole thing is filled with a quite youthful freshness. Lalo, indeed, seems to have made one great mistake—he postponed dying young until it was too late. His music is a young man's music; and had he died young it would be at this day celebrated the whole world over.

Mr. Jerome was a commonplace Mylio; Plançon was excellent as that subsidiary character, "Le Roi d'Ys"; Suzanne Adams was not at all bad in the part of Rozenn. But Miss Paquot made the success of the evening as Margared. She acted quite well and sang with dramatic force and colour. Yet if she continues to treat her voice as she did it will not last her many years, or perhaps months. Flon conducted with discretion and spirit; and the stage arrangements were, on the whole, simply beneath contempt.

Last week I found myself—of all places in the world—in Notting Hill. This mountainous region is best reached by hansom from any part of London. You drive, perhaps, past the dwellings of the wealthy and anon you are taken through slums that for sheer squalor run the East End very close. Ultimately you reach the Ladbroke Hall and if the day is 15 July, 1901, and other circumstances are in your favour, you discover a performance of "The Mikado" going on. By judicious inquiry you elicit from the friend who has enticed you to come with him that the performance is being given by students of the London Organ School. As a rule I am not vastly interested in students' efforts to do opera. If some young men and women take up an opera and work at little else for nearly twelve months it would be strange indeed if they did not at the finish secure a certain vague semblance to a genuine interpretation; and this immensely impresses their papas and mammas who henceforth consider their sons and daughters artists of the first water and the Royal College or Academy of Music (as the case may be) the best teaching institution in the world. I always decline to notice such entertainments. But my friend of last Saturday assured me that this representation of "The Mikado" had been got ready in precisely six weeks. It must be owned that it did the London Organ School great credit. I do not intend to single out performers; for that in the case of students is merely stupid. But it may be mentioned that all were competent—considered as students; and some were quite as good as artists I have heard of much greater pretensions. The band was adequate; and the stage-management might have put Covent Garden to shame. "The Mikado" is not at all a great work; but it is amusing; and the music is not too frequently banal. Wild horses would not drag me into the Savoy to hear it; but it passed a warm afternoon pleasantly enough.

On Monday afternoon an agreeable entertainment was given in the new Bechstein Hall by Messrs. Guisti and Barthélemy, two gentlemen who, I understand, have recently come from Naples. The first has a good voice and sings with taste; the other plays the piano pleasingly. I went out of pure curiosity, having heard of Mr. Barthélemy as the winner of many prizes in Italy for composition. His songs are pretty. I should imagine that both artists will be more successful in the drawing-room than in the concert-hall. J. F. R.

"NEW ART" AND OLD.

A COMMUNICATION has been going round the papers describing the gift to South Kensington of a collection of Art Nouveau furniture, fabrics, glass, pottery and so forth, chosen from work exhibited at the Paris Exhibition. The donor's name need not be repeated, for we have nothing to say against his generous intention or indulgence of a private taste. The quarrel is with the authorities for accepting the gift. The objects are, for the most part, trash of the latest fashion, the kind of thing produced in recent years all over Europe in emulation of our most fantastic arts-and-crafts designs. "The Studio" has been the great disseminator of this craze. It has given plenty of good work, but along with the more sober originals of the newer English School, has published and indiscriminately praised too many of the imitations and caricatures that have multiplied like a plague. Art-students in all countries have studied its pages, and an influenza of design has spread to new centres everywhere, more and more hectic at each remove. Shrewd commercial men, like M. Bing of Paris, have exploited the fashion, (to him is due the term "Art Nouveau"), and in the

Tottenham Court Roads of all capitals the ordinary commercial cribber-designer has been called in to give the wares of the shop a look of being in the mode. The middle-Victorian style has thus been superseded by a late-Victorian, less solid in construction, more silly and fantastic in decoration, and certainly, in spite of labels, no more artistic.

It is this "movement", returning in exhausted ripples to the parent shores, of which the South Kensington Museum has been induced to make itself the approver and nurse. Consider at what cost! The Museum is groaning under its accumulation of the real treasures of applied art. It has not space to show half of them properly; many are stowed away, the rest are jammed uncomfortably together. The Tapestry Court, in which these new acquisitions are shown, was originally built to hold an historic collection of casts from Greek sculpture. Under Mr. Middleton's direction it was thought more important to give various unique examples of ancient tapestry fair play, and these changed places with the casts. No other proof is needed to show how great is the want of elbow-room since collections so important must compete for it. And now a third of this gallery is cleared of its tapestries and furniture to make room for the deplorable example of this New Art. The directors have surely been napping. Let them wake up and send this stuff to the lumber-room. They might be excused for retaining, perhaps, one or two of M. Charpentier's little reliefs. But the few artists of the new movement can well wait till room has been found in the national museum for their greater predecessors.

At the exhibition of the Central School of Arts and Crafts in Regent Street the manufacture of New Artists may be seen in progress at the expense of the taxpayer. The Kensington Schools of design, established to instruct artizans, have apparently been given over in despair to the leisured amateur, who has invaded them so eagerly to learn the art of sketching. At the new municipal schools the artizan is taught his craft up to an amateur standard of efficiency, and is encouraged to join the great army of designers so-called, better described as hackneyers and makers-down of design. If anyone thinks this description too severe, let him visit the exhibition. The efficient workman will smile at the standard of technique, and there is no evidence on the side of design that all this costly machinery is justified in attempting to make the workman anything but a workman. I have a respect for one or two of the instructors engaged in this school, but I cannot resist the conviction that they are wasting their own time and the public money.

At the Holland Fine Art Gallery a large and expensive enterprise is on exhibition, an Illustrated Bible, to cost fifteen guineas. For this sum one hundred photogravures are included after drawings commissioned from an incongruous company of artists. The idea is to have something that will please the taste of everyone, but that is the same thing as saying that there will be many things to offend the taste of everyone. The lover of Dicksee and Abbey will resent the presence of Puvis de Chavannes and Segantini. When will publishers learn that even the finest art demands a certain persuading atmosphere and the exclusion of anything that will show up its attitude in an unfriendly way? A perfect commentary on the whole enterprise is the pamphlet of photographs of the illustrators, presented to visitors at the gallery. Is Monsieur Rochegrosse, who looks like a superb *canotier de Bougival*, a likely illustrator of the Old Testament? It is a sad business to find Mr. Walter Crane, after so many preachings about decorative unity in illustration, acting as leader to the motley troop. For his own part he trots out his tired lay-figures for the *n*th time, and really not the most theatrical of his companions seems to have less to say among those sacred pages. The Illustrated London News Company has the privilege of distributing the first thousand of these volumes. An organisation that is excellent for illustrated journalism is, I venture to think, beyond its depth in illustrating the Bible.

"Tired of all these", as also of particulars that have unaccountably leaked into the papers of Mr. Menpes's preparations for taking innumerable snap-

shots of Madame Sarah Bernhardt and other celebrities, for the restful dead I cry. I am too late to send readers to the Pacully collection at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, where was an intense little Simone Memmi (a possible Bible illustration, this,) and other interesting matters. But what looked like a Cima in the window of Messrs. Forbes and Paterson invited me to enter there, and I found the most surprising and refreshing things. First, one of the finest Gainsboroughs I have ever seen. It is the portrait of Mr. Ralph Bell (there is a pendant Mrs. Bell, but she is not so remarkable). The old gentleman stands up with cane and snuff-box, against a beautifully managed portrait-landscape of hill and sky and water. His dark blue coat that looks black, his white stockings and the big simplicity of design, make the picture a cousin to Velazquez, but it is transposed out of the *àpre* dignity of that master into a kindlier homely-gentle of the eighteenth century. Another rare example of an English master is a picture by George Morland. A man leans over a fence with a background of cottage-wall and looks at some pigs. But here too there is an extraordinary simplicity and felicity in everything. The man and the grey wall are handled with Whistlerian beauty of tone and material, and the broken clouds send down a ray of sun to print with lovely sparing gold the brown and rose of the yard and its pigs. Then there is a little Terburg, again a simple and felicitous example; a girl in a salmon-red jacket writing, this red intensified to deep scarlet in a cushion, both resting on the rich brown of a tent bedstead in the background. Next is a problematic picture from a Parisian collection, where it passed under the name of El Greco. It is too ordinary-fine for anything I have seen from the hand of that wilful artist. Velazquez is suggested, of the period of the "Toppers"; but some of the heads are a little too rhetorical in swing for him, and their grouping a little wanting in summing-up. But it is a masterly piece of painting, full of lovely passages. A lady sits at a keyed instrument and round about are grouped seven persons, one a player on a form of clarinet, the rest singers, taking part in some madrigal. An expert in music ought to be able to establish an approximate date from the sheets of music and instruments. The most wonderful passage is the woman's face in shadow with one ringlet glinting gold against it, and the hand of the leader struck across it to beat time with a roll of music. The whole is painted with great system in its transparent shadows, under-painting, glazes and loaded lights cunningly arrested against transparent parts. Pictures like the Cookshop at the Guildhall and this suggest that there are considerable painters in the Caravaggio-Ribera-Velazquez line, who ought some day by careful research to come to their own. Lastly, by Velazquez, or one of *ol nepi* Velazquez, a landscape of a fête beside a moated fort. Another version of the scene is at Apsley House.

Messrs. Laurie's, a few doors further up the street, yielded some spoil: a hunting and boating scene by Lucas Cranach, vivid scarlets spotted about its green of fields and trees, and the uncouth little pleasure-seekers, the deer and the dogs, all wrought by a wonderful skill of execution into a luminous enamel-like brilliancy. Then a Weenix, of admirably handled goats and sheep (the herd by another and smaller hand). Then by a little known Dutch painter, Peter Van Lint, a portrait of his wife, a Venetian; sensitive remarkable painting. Last an Orchardson of the '70's of the solidier, Orchardson-Pettie sort.

D. S. M.

IN A MUSIC HALL.

AUGUST impends, and in London the number of theatres capable of keeping their doors open (or rather ajar) does not run nearly into two figures. The heat wave rolls over us, submerging ruthlessly the last faint semblances of theatrical enterprise. Yet on the crest of that wave, glad and buoyant, ride the managers of the Music Halls. To them not one of the four seasons is less kindly than another. Though the imprisoned mercury be seeking an outlet through the top of the thermometer, for them comes little or no

decline in the receipts of their box offices. The bulk of the British public, apparently, would rather die of asphyxiation in a Music Hall than just manage to breathe elsewhere. Is it not strange?

Provided with an apparatus for artificial respiration, I ventured one night this week into the Hall which (as Wordsworth would have said) from Oxford has borrowed its name. The place did not seem so sprucely gorgeous as usual. A sign of failure? On the contrary, a sign of overbounding success. The interior of the building was being overhauled, redecorated. In the passages one saw stripped and excavated walls. The staircases seemed strangely bare. All sorts of improvements were evidently in progress. Yet the entertainment was going on as usual. When, at this time of year, a theatre is ripe for repairs and redecoration, usually the manager is only too glad of the excuse for closing it; seeing that the cost of even the most drastic repairs and most sumptuous redecoration is slight in comparison with the cost of keeping the theatre open. But in a Music Hall the conditions are altogether different. A Music Hall will be frequented by the public, in any circumstances, so long as the doors are not barred. And so, when it has to be overhauled, the workmen have to clear out every evening. At all hours of the night and day they are working, except during the few hours of the entertainment. Such is the present state of things at the Oxford. One could not have a more signal proof of the triumph of Music Halls.

What is the secret of that triumph? Partly, the fact that in Music Halls the public may, and in theatres may not, drink and smoke. England is a bibulous nation. Matthew Arnold, determining what exactly were the respective ideals of the Barbarians, the Philistines and the lower class, stated that the ideal of the lower class was "beer," *tout court*; and, to the best of my knowledge, no one has ever tried to controvert his statement. Since the time of "Culture and Anarchy" various changes have crept into our national mode of living. One of them is that the Barbarians drink between meals much more than they used to. The Philistines, snobbishly, have followed suit; inasmuch that the amount of beer drunk by the lower class hardly preponderates now over the amount of spirits and mineral water consumed at odd moments by the other two classes. This system of "pegs" is due, of course, to the necessity for some artificial stimulant that shall enable people to keep pace with the nerve-destroying high pressure of modern life. The enormous increase in the habit of smoking is due to the same cause. It is not however the cause, but the fact, that concerns me here. The fact is that nowadays everyone smokes, and smokes more or less excessively. Whereas the habit used to be considered a wicked and obnoxious pastime, to be indulged in on the sly, now it is everywhere accepted and encouraged as a matter of course—everywhere except in the theatres. Managers of theatres (blind, in this as in most other matters, to the spirit of the time), think that a smoking audience would derogate from the proper dignity of dramatic art. They are still under the sway of that period when no gentleman was suffered to smoke except in some remote "den" consecrated to the vice, or in the conservatory, where the fumes were supposed to affright plantivorous insects. They are still slumbering in that crinolined age when young ladies cried "Oh, you horrid creature!" to a gentleman who betrayed the scent of what was then called "the fragrant weed", and when a vow not to smoke was one of the inevitable preliminaries to marriage. Managers of theatres ought really to rouse themselves from their lethargy and adapt the rules of their theatres to the spirit of the time. Neither drinking between meals nor smoking incessantly is a good habit. But the moral and physical salvation of England is not part of these managers' scheme. What they wish to do is to make the legitimate drama pay. And it never will pay so long as in the theatres the public is forbidden to do what it may do anywhere else.

However, even if theatres were smoked in and drunk in, they never would really rival the success of Music Halls. Legitimate drama, as I suggested a year ago in these columns, is (even at its lowest) a form of

art, and to the public any form of art is something in the nature of an imposition; whereas the entertainments in Music Halls are the exact and joyous result of the public's own taste. "Turn" by "turn", these entertainments have grown up with reference to nothing but the public's own needs and aspirations. There is no compromise, no friction, between the form and the audience. The audience is the maker of the form, the form is the symbol of the audience. And thus a Music Hall offers always a great chance to any student of humanity at large. Such a man (even if, unlike myself, he cannot enjoy the entertainment as in itself it is) will always, when he leaves a Music Hall, feel that he has been spending a highly instructive evening.

The band was playing loudly as I entered the Oxford, every brazen instrument seeming to intensify the terrific heat; but over and above it all, from the triply-brazen lungs of one who wore a torrid suit of black and white checks, and who had one Union Jack tied round his hat and another round his walking-stick, were wafted to me these words:

On Coronation Day, Coronation Day, we'll have a spree and Jubilee, singing hip-hip-hip-hooray! On Coronation Day, Coronation Day, drinking whisky, wine, and sherry, won't we all be jolly merry on Coronation Day?

Were to-morrow the day in question, and were the evening tolerably cool, the singer (Mr. Bignell) could not stamp around the stage in a more perfervid ecstasy of anticipation, nor could the audience be more obviously infected by his rapture. Coronation Day! To you or me, how remote, how negligible as yet! To think that the great heart of the public is already thumping at the thought of it! To think that Demos can see it clearly across the intervening span of more than three hundred other days, and can calculate how gloriously drunk he will get on it! Nowhere but in a Music Hall could one find this lurid side-light. Luridly pathetic? It is. But for me, at least, the pathos of it is obscured by delight in the "document" . . . Who is this loathsome object? this seedy scaramouch, lank-haired, red-nosed? At mere sight of him the audience rocks with laughter. "Mr. T. E. Dunville—The Funny Man." Me his make-up disgusts merely. Unsightliness in itself never makes me smile; only, as a student, I am glad of the reminder that it invariably splits the sides of the public. I do but note the fact now: some day I must try to elucidate it. Ugliness of appearance, ugliness of manner, ugliness of jokes—such is the panoply of Mr. Dunville. Hark how the audience chokes with laughter! Now he is reading them a sheaf of telegrams. One of them purports to come from a general "at the front": *No truth in report that De Wef has lost his reason: he never had any.* Loud and prolonged cheers—another side-light to make one gasp. You and I wince at a depreciation of a person who has been persistently scoring off our gallant soldiers. To the British public, because he is not a Briton, he is still merely ridiculous. Sheer stupidity enables them to treat as mere guys true bogeys; and hence that admirable self-control which has been the envy of foreign nations throughout the war. I wish I had space in which to go through the other songs *seriatim*. Not one of them, believe me, but cast its own lurid side-light.

MAX.

RECENT INSURANCE REPORTS.

THE important point about insurance reports for most people to consider is whether the office in which they are insured is going along in a satisfactory way and, if they are not insured, whether the report is of such a nature as to lead them to select this particular company as the one with which it is best to insure.

Much depends on the point of view. Existing policy-holders can usually congratulate themselves that their own office is safe and fairly lucrative; that their policies are well worth keeping in force and that no advantage can be derived from making any change, at least so far as life assurance policies are concerned. If however a man is about to take out a life policy much more consideration is needed. It may be quite wise and advan-

tageous to keep up a policy in a particular office if the policy has once been effected, but if it is a case of a fresh choice some other company may be preferable.

This position is well illustrated by the annual reports of the Royal Exchange and the Scottish Equitable which have been issued recently. The Royal Exchange dates back to 1720 and although its life department is small by comparison with many companies of more recent origin its excellence is very apparent. Both in 1890 and in 1895 it declared a compound reversionary bonus at the rate of 30s. per cent. per annum, but we have no information at present as to the bonus up to 31 December 1900. The rate of bonus is good, but the premium rates charged by the corporation are above the average, hence while the results are better than the average of British companies they are exceeded by a few of the very best offices.

The principal reason why the Royal Exchange does not produce quite the best results for its participating policy-holders is that the proprietors take an unduly large share of the surplus. The proprietors are entitled to the whole of the profit from the fire, marine, accident and annuity business and to one-third of the surplus from the life assurance branch. This one-third of the life profits is equivalent to about 11 per cent. of the premiums paid for life assurance and, added to the current expenditure for commission and expenses of management produces a total drain upon the premiums to the extent of over 24 per cent. This exceeds the provision made for expenses at the 1895 valuation and so long as the proprietors take so large a share of the surplus the Royal Exchange cannot present new policy-holders with the same advantages as other companies not handicapped by proprietors.

The claims of the shareholders prevent the venerable corporation being wholly attractive to new policy-holders, but for those who have once joined it, there is nothing but benefit to be derived from keeping up their policies. Apart from the excessive payments to proprietors the expenditure is low, the rate of interest earned upon the funds is good, the stability of the office is above all question and it is a company with which in all its branches it is pleasant to have business relations. If the proprietors would agree to take a smaller proportion of the life assurance surplus, the Royal Exchange might become an office it would be very hard to beat.

Another office which has recently issued its annual report is the Scottish Equitable. This is a mutual company untroubled by the claims of proprietors upon its surplus. At the younger ages its premium rates are lower than those of the Royal Exchange but its last bonus was only 28s. per cent. per annum on sums assured and previous bonuses: as a result, the benefits it gives to its policy-holders differ but little from those provided by the Royal Exchange.

It is an excellent office to keep on with when once a policy has been effected but for most purposes a better choice might be made at the outset.

The most interesting feature about the society at the moment is the retirement of Dr. Sprague and the appointment of Mr. G. M. Low as his successor. Dr. Sprague has long been famous as an actuary all over the world and he has left an indelible mark upon the progress of the science of life assurance. It is an honour for any company to have had at its head a man who has done so much so well. Nevertheless we may well hope that Mr. Low will be certainly not less and perhaps more successful than Dr. Sprague as manager of the Scottish Equitable. For 70 years the society has held a high place among British life offices and its future achievements are sure to be worthy of its successful past.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MILITARY EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 July, 1901.

SIR,—In view of the interest excited by your articles on Military Education I venture to ask a few questions

which perhaps some person in authority may deem it his duty to answer. That they clamour for an answer must be apparent to the meanest understanding. Is it a fact that the experience gained in South Africa at such stupendous cost has been entirely disregarded at the Royal Military College? I was a cadet at Sandhurst some twenty years ago, and I remember that the surrounding country affords every facility for the study of the theory and practice of war, yet I am told upon unimpeachable authority that—with the exception of one field day—the training of the cadets during the past six months has been confined to barrack-square drill. Surely a most monstrous and criminal waste of time. Is it a fact that orders from the War Office for "Manœuvre" and "Field Days" have been disregarded, possibly on account of a *fiasco* which took place at the last half-yearly inspection of the Adjutant-General (who desired—it has been stated—to eliminate, so far as possible, all barrack-square drill, substituting the study of field operations): when two companies were missing at the final parade and address, their absence not being detected by the officer commanding the parade: an "incident" which throws light upon other incidents of a similar complexion reported from the theatre of war? Is it a fact that perpetual friction between the Assistant-Commandant and the heads of the various educational branches (the departmental and discipline officers, who may be said to have done everything in their power to establish a more up-to-date system of training) has worn common-sense so thin that it may scarcely be perceived with the naked eye? Is it a fact that important details are entrusted to chance or a clerk, that confidential memoranda are sent unsealed by orderlies, that the duty rosters are irregularly kept, that orders of such a contradictory nature are issued that it would seem impossible for any officer of the College or gentleman cadet to know the correct dress in which to parade for work? Is it a fact that cadets joining Sandhurst from certain favoured schools are able to arrange in which company they may be placed, while—for a reason quite inscrutable to the British sense of justice and fair play—those coming from other schools are not so privileged? Is it a fact that at a recent fire alarm several cadets acting under the immediate orders of the Quartermaster successfully extinguished a serious fire at considerable personal risk, and, as a reward, were forthwith arrested for not being present at a marching-past parade held while the College was burning?

If these—and space forbids the asking of others—be indeed facts, has not the time come for investigation and (when the responsibility is fixed) punishment of the offenders, be they great or small, who have so grievously abused the confidence of the nation?

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

QUESTOR.

THE KING'S DECLARATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Norton Rectory, Suffolk, 17 July, 1901.

SIR,—I am in perfect agreement with what is put forward in your last week's article on "The King's Declaration", namely, that there is no necessity for the King's Coronation Oath to contain any reference to Roman Catholic doctrines. But if any such reference is introduced—if the doctrine of Transubstantiation, for instance, is mentioned—the language used should be of strict accuracy. The doctrine of Transubstantiation should, if referred to at all, be stated in terms harmonising as closely as possible with its definition in the Catechism of the Council of Trent. In that Catechism the doctrine is defined, in connexion with each of the consecrated elements, as the change of the substance of one thing into the substance of something else to be thought of by us with reverence. Roman Catholics themselves seem often to be forgetful of the terms in which the doctrine is authoritatively defined, and write of it with loose indefiniteness; but such forgetfulness is no justification for the introduction of indefinite language, leading to ambiguity of interpretation, into a serious and important Royal Declaration.

In your article attention is called to other points affecting the religious belief of His Majesty's subjects, on which consistency might be urged in favour of an adverse utterance. May I mention one doctrine, which surely ought to be commented on antagonistically, if Transubstantiation is similarly dealt with? The doctrine of Consubstantiation is surely the twin doctrine of Transubstantiation. Whatever words of warning or condemnation are uttered with regard to the one ought not to be refrained from as to the other. Transubstantiation asserts the change of an invisible, intangible, less than ethereal "substance" (not of course to be confounded with what is meant by the same word in everyday use, which is applied to what is tangible, ponderable, and material) into another invisible, intangible, less than ethereal "substance". It asserts that the one substance departs to make room for the other. But consubstantiation is the assertion that as the two substances are each invisible, intangible and less than ethereal, it is not necessary for the one to remove itself in order to make room for the other. They can co-exist together in association with the same sacramental element, without any intrusion of the one upon the other, without any the slightest interference of the one with the other. As both invisible substances can thus dwell together, the Lutheran doctrine, which recognises the possibility of their doing so, is called Consubstantiation.

Both doctrines belong to a realm of subtlety and refinement. Both doctrines are liable to be misinterpreted grossly, alike by those who profess to accept them and by those who repudiate them. But any solemn protest directed against one should in fairness be directed also against the other, and should in the terms of its condemnation show that those in whose behalf the protest is uttered know clearly what it is that is being protested against and condemned.

Yours faithfully,

H. N. GRIMLEY.

COOKING AND DANCING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

186 Utttoxeter Road, Derby.

SIR,—English education has never been sufficiently practical, and the character, abilities and future of the child are frequently not considered at an early enough age. Many parents are most indifferent to these points. By the new educational Bill our working-class education does not seem to be improved on; the scholar is not sufficiently helped to become self-supporting. As Ruskin says: "In our training schools, the main subjects should be:

1. The laws of health and the exercises enjoined by them.
2. Habits of gentleness and justice.
3. The calling by which the scholars are to live."

The amount of time wasted by the young in acquiring a smattering of subjects, which will never be of any practical use, is deplorable. What will the average Board-school scholar gain by dabbling in French, botany, &c.? What does the average middle-class child gain either by such subjects, especially foreign languages as taught in England? The majority, if put to it, couldn't carry on an intelligible conversation for five minutes with a foreigner, after learning for years. Unless the scholar intends to make use of a foreign language—and in that case he should go abroad after studying it—he had better let it alone. How often does a child leave school speaking and pronouncing its own tongue quite imperfectly! And this applies to other as well as Board-school scholars.

There is no reason why children should not commence to study before the age of 15 some of the callings, by which they will afterwards live, such as cooking for instance, one of the most sensible studies ever introduced into school life. Now cooking, with joinery, &c., is to be knocked off till the child is 15, preference being given to a French premier—tant pis!

I hear of one Board school, in which 200 scholars will have to discontinue cooking lessons in consequence of this unfortunate Bill, to the dissatisfaction of all concerned.

The domestic servant question becomes a more serious difficulty every day, but I do not see that a sensible education should be the cause. It is a matter that wants better dealing with. There is scarcely a genuine woman who does not like the domestic occupation, but the conditions attached to it are unsatisfactory compared with other occupations. The standard wants raising, hours regulating and a fairer rate of wages for *capable* servants. The capable domestic is as essential to the well-being of most households as the skilled mechanic to the turning out of a machine. She should no longer be so much at the mercy of a possibly capricious, selfish or thoughtless employer; but she should be a *trained* worker, not an incompetent individual, such as are half the girls who nowadays apply for places, ignorant of the merest rudiments of household management. Let the Board-school scholar have the option of undertaking a domestic training, of passing through a special department and of being turned out, when proficient, a certificated worker, on a par with other workers of the class, with a fixed wage and regulated hours. Domestic service needs to be brought more into competition with mill and shop labour.

As for evening schools, on the principle that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, I see no objection to dancing, if properly taught and made more of than a mere pastime. To dance is a natural instinct of the young: as an exercise it turns out a more graceful human being than almost any other form of exercise, gives a better carriage, a more elastic gait; it is less arduous than most games of skill, gymnastics; it improves circulation, and tends to make a child bright and happy. Excess in any form is detrimental, but it is only the abuse of dancing which renders it other than the most beneficial of exercises. Gymnastics alone do not necessarily make a girl graceful, and they rather tend to develop the Tom-boy instinct. But then dancing is looked upon as such a minor art, that in the eyes of many serious people, it is not worthy of consideration. This is excusable since modern society dancing has developed into a romp. Dancing is hurriedly and indifferently taught, and this is brought about by the pushing, mushroom class of teacher who goes in for "getting the children on", without considering the physical good of a thorough, slow and careful training; competition has led to emulation of this style of teaching, and the ignorance and indifference of parents have tolerated it. The children are expected to dance in a few months and parents are surprised if they don't. They might as well expect a child to run before it can stand.

To return to the serious side of education: what England wants is not so much general training, a cramming in of so many subjects, a mere smattering of which is acquired, but special training, at an early age, in whatever branch the child shows ability, whether it be science, art, trade. Some kinds of work a child can scarcely begin too young, and there are many people who might with advantage turn their attention to the technical schools, as a means to an end. These are ignored by the many but they are every day increasing their scope of usefulness and as an institution are one of the happiest ideas of the last century. It is technical education we need.

Let every child, male or female, be brought up with the idea that it is honourable and right it should be fitted to undertake some profession or trade thoroughly whether necessary, as a means of living or no. Don't cram it till its intellect is dulled, its strength undermined by superfluous work, a superficial knowledge of everything: let it go in early, rather, for a technical training—specialise.

Taxation falls heaviest on the middle and upper middle class: their means are everlastingly being taxed by subscriptions of every kind and description for the benefit of the classes beneath them in the social scale. Fate has a way of playing strange pranks with incomes; many middle-class men have faced ruin during the last century, some most unexpectedly, and their children have been turned out in shoals, so thoughtlessly trained, their abilities so undeveloped, that they have had little or no financial value.

CONN. A. ASHE.

BLINKERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Boston, July 1901.

SIR,—If horses could only know about Colonel Harris' powerful and seasonable advocacy of their cause, I am sure they would be grateful. As that cannot be, all lovers of animals must be grateful on the horses' behalf. Nobody who goes about with his eyes open can fail to see how much more comfortable are the well-looking horses of the Great Northern and other railway companies who have given up this antiquated and barbarous head-dress.

For my own part I am not an expert, but a mere "man in the street", but for many years I drove a succession of horses of my own, and from the first determined to dispense with this relic of barbarism. I did so, with the best results, and am fully convinced that horses feel more comfortable and confident, and are much less likely to shy, without blinkers than with them. These things die hard, but the testimony of a man like Colonel Harris ought to go a long way towards administering their death-blow.

One thing that should weigh with the practical British mind is that these things cost money, and can be demonstrated absolutely useless or worse. I do not suggest that all blinkers be disused at once, but instructions should be given for all young horses to be "broken" without ever knowing or experiencing the foolish irritating things.—Yours faithfully,

W. M. COOPER.

NAVAL OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE RANK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The letter under the above heading calls for a reply, for should I let it pass, I might be supposed to admit the false conclusions drawn from my words.

First. I frankly admit that the word "next" should come between "is" and "in". This mistake was so obviously an omission, that though I noticed my error in your issue of 20 April I thought it hardly a sufficient excuse to trouble you with another letter. "Efficiency" had already explained what "the executive officer" is, and my own words, "as your correspondent points out", showed that I was in agreement with him, and consequently there was no point at issue. Had I meant "captain", I should have said "captain", and not used a sentence where a word would have served the purpose better. I did not "misquote" him as alleged or he would have found the words in commas: his would-be satire is therefore misplaced. If I had expected that an irrelevant sentence would have been so eagerly seized upon, I should have written to rectify the omission. Having served at sea as "the executive officer" of a ship, I can afford to disregard the impertinence of some of "Efficiency's" remarks.

Second. "Efficiency" will find the marine satisfies the tests I gave. The other day at Graspan, Captain Marchant R.M.L.I. took supreme command of the Naval Brigade when Captain Prothero fell wounded. If I had meant command of the "ship" I should have said the "ship". It is easy to take a few lines apart from their context and draw false conclusions. "Supreme command" is obviously used in a relative sense. The second test is but a corollary to the first and "attack" implies the duty of acting on the "offensive" in contradistinction to the "defensive". Embarkation therefore does not affect the combatant status of a marine. Marine officers as part of the ship's complement have led attacks upon salt water and will probably do so again in the ordinary course of their duties.

Third. The allusion to a field-marshal, in my reference to the artillery driver, is purely incidental. The point is that the driver satisfies the conditions previously referred to just as well as a field-marshal or admiral, or general of marines, and this the engineer does not. An analogy really exists between the duties and responsibilities of the driver and those of the cox'n of the torpedo boat, but not those of the engine-room staff. The argument in no way affects the combatant status of the marine afloat, for the capacity to become a field-marshal or admiral is not set down as a test.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

EX-NAVAL OFFICER.

REVIEWS.

LADIES ON THE WAR.

"Yeoman Service." By the Lady Maud Rolleston. London: Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.

"The Staff Work of the Anglo-Boer War." By Lady Briggs. London: Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.

"On the Warpath: a Lady's Letters from the Front." By Mrs. J. D. Leather-Culley. London: John Long. 1901. 3s. 6d.

"A Woman's Memories of the War." By Violet Brooke-Hunt. London: Nisbet. 5s.

LADY MAUD ROLLESTON'S book affords very useful information on certain phases of the war and its writer is to be congratulated on having done good service in bringing prominently to the notice of the general public precisely the amount of assistance and aid afforded to the military authorities by the presence of English ladies within the sphere of active operations.

If anything could conclusively prove the folly and impropriety of permitting women, no matter how exalted may be the military position of their husbands, to push themselves to the front, it is the brief allusions from time to time made by Lady Maud Rolleston in her published diary of her career in South Africa. We must at least give her the credit for absolute honesty of purpose—there is no effort at concealment. Thus, on her arrival at Kimberley she begins by coolly "commandeering" a suitable room belonging to a gentleman who was temporarily absent. "I was perfectly aware I was taking a liberty . . . as events turned out I was quite justified in my impertinence" &c. Whilst sympathising with the feelings of a lady who hears that her husband has been wounded and who naturally is terribly anxious to get to him and nurse him, we have more sympathy with the unfortunate generals, staff officers and others who when sorely beset by almost overwhelming difficulties, are interrupted and worried by women each with her own private sorrow. Thus at the most critical phase of the war, the Lindley phase, she attacks the general at Bloemfontein:—"I thought he looked very worried and no wonder, for it is a very serious thing for a general when the line of communication with the main force is cut". So we should think! Almost on the same page, the eternal unfitness of things is well demonstrated by the following entry—"I wrote my name in Lady Roberts's book, as I was told it was the proper thing to do". The public may rightfully demand—What was Lady Roberts and her "book" doing at Bloemfontein at this period of the war?

In the description of Lady Maud's efforts to get from Bloemfontein to Kroonstad we read "It was weary work bothering people"—"I had worried Captain A—so much, that he would certainly take the first opportunity of getting rid of me". Our hearts go out to this unfortunate Railway Staff Officer, of whom it is written "I used to go and bother him every day and although he was always frightfully busy, he was more kind and considerate than words can say". Lady Maud endeavoured to make some slight atonement for all these crimes by starting a convalescent home for officers and for what she vulgarly styles "My Yeomanry Tommies" at Kroonstad. She also on pp. 144-149 does real service in calling attention to the orderly system in hospital, which she describes as "thoroughly rotten". The stories of the hospital orderlies who "levy a heavy tax on all stimulants ordered" for sick men and "drink the milk destined for the enteric patients" are unfortunately, we fear, not infrequently too true.

Once again we protest against the vulgarity and inanity of styling our soldiers "Tommies". A very few years ago, the expression was unknown in the army, save among certain regiments who affected similar slang expressions. We can even recall a regimental lady of the Peggy O'Dowd type who regularly used it, but since she also spoke of the surgeon of her husband's regiment as "Our Pill", possibly Lady Maud Rolleston and other ladies may not, or perhaps they will, consider her a good example to follow.

The ridiculous term has come into wide use owing to some of the more sublime efforts of our national

rhymesters and is thus needlessly used by ladies who consider it "smart" but really ought to know better. We might suggest that to be consistent they should also adopt the adjectives and peculiar phraseology which our poets place so freely in the mouths of the gallant men whom they style "Tommies".

Doubtless excuses must be made for a lady like the author who suddenly thrusts herself into military life and is so confused in her military ideas as to talk of her "first impressions of 'Tommy' officer and man"!

The title of Lady Briggs' astounding book gives but a faint idea of its contents, suggesting as it naturally does a work on the lines of Bronsart von Schellendorff's "Duties of the General Staff". In the preface we learn that the author was employed in nursing sick prisoners of war at Simon's Bay, which naturally induces the reader to imagine that the more correct title of her book would be "*Nursing-Staff Work of the War*". The truth however comes out when we find she is, as she describes herself, a person of "journalistic propensities" who has been writing casual letters on a variety of matters to the daily papers more or less connected with the army and which, with strange perversity, she now produces in an unwieldy and incoherent volume under the impudent title of "*Staff Work of the War*". The peculiar unfitness of this title may be gauged from the fact that it is designed "to set forth the work done by the non-combatant branches of the army". Apparently in Lady Briggs' view everybody not actually wielding a rifle is a "non-combatant".

Opinions may differ as to the general staff of our army being thus scheduled, but it must be conceded that it is a little severe that the Elswick Field Battery, Sir Charles Ross' Colt-guns, Strathcona's Horse, the "Mounted Volunteers" and last but not least, "The Naval Brigade" should be included as non-fighters!

Lady Briggs assures us that "whilst in South Africa I spend my time very industriously in trying to understand the working of the component parts that are comprised in the general term army organisation". In furtherance of this self-imposed duty she exults in having travelled "the great distance of 36,840 miles by sea, rail, road and river . . . and to have met with grand courtesy and much valuable assistance, without which I could never have accomplished the task set before me". What task?

It is simply appalling to think of the unnecessary trouble and worry given to innumerable hard-worked officials fully occupied with their military duties by women of this type running about in order to write nonsense books. Amongst other *war* experiences a whole chapter is devoted to the working of the Staff College at Camberley with a brief essay on the syllabus of instruction there.

Lady Briggs somewhat unkindly calls attention to the fact that postage stamps surcharged "Mafeking besieged" were not wanted by the small garrison of that place, except as a mild form of advertisement or as a means of assisting officers to trade in postage stamps. We admit the correctness of this criticism, which is apparently justified by the fact that both the defence of Ladysmith and of Kimberley with its 50,000 to 60,000 inhabitants were carried out successfully without portraits of Sir George White or Colonel Kekewich with cowboy hats on the stamps.

In conclusion, we can only say that Lady Briggs easily passes Lady Maud Rolleston in presumption and ignorance.

Mrs. Leather-Culley informs the world that her publisher told her not to touch up her diary; it would have been more to the point had he told her not to publish it. However, she does say "soldiers", not "Tommies".

It is with unfeigned pleasure that we turn to Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt's "*Memories of the War*". Here at least we meet with a lady who, having gone out to the Cape with definite ideas of what she conceived to be her duty, did admirable work wherever she was sent by the authorities amongst our soldiers. Her services in assisting to found the "Soldiers' Institute" at Pretoria will not readily be forgotten by many hundreds of our gallant fellows and their colonial brethren.

Describing the various "comforts" sent out to our

soldiers by zealous friends in England, she affords an amusing sidelight on the manners and customs of some of our philanthropic fellow-countrymen. "Inside the pockets of the shirts were packets of tracts and actually on the collars and cuffs of shirts intended for hospitals were texts worked in brightly coloured wools, texts of *anything but a comforting character*."

We commend to the pro-Boers Miss Brooke-Hunt's words as to the effect on our wounded soldiers of their heartless and unscrupulous libels on the conduct of British troops. "The men were furious at reading some of the disgraceful stories of their supposed misdeeds." "Do you think we forget to be Englishmen when we become soldiers?" they exclaimed. "They all wanted to know if I thought the folks at home could *really* believe that stuff."

JOHN GOWER.

"The Complete Works of John Gower." Edited from the MSS., with introductions, notes, and glossaries, by G. C. Macaulay. Vols. II. and III. The English Works. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1901. 32s.

THE first volume of Mr. Macaulay's edition of Gower was published in 1899 and contained the French Works: the "*Mirour de l'Homme*", the "*Cinkante Balades*", and the "*Traité pour essampler les Amantz marietz*". The two volumes now published contain the "*Confessio Amantis*" and the short poem "*To King Henry IV. in Praise of Peace*". The fourth volume will contain the "*Vox Clamantis*" and other Latin works, together with a Life of Gower. Of the text of the "*Confessio Amantis*" Mr. Macaulay says, in the preface to the first volume of his edition: "For this the materials are so excellent, though hitherto almost completely neglected, that we may with some confidence claim that the work is now presented almost exactly as it left the hand of the author, and that a higher degree of security has been attained about the details of form and orthography than is possible (for example) in regard to any part of the writings of Chaucer. It is evident, if this be so, that the text must have a considerable value for students of Middle English, and none the less because it is accompanied by a complete glossary." There are some forty manuscripts of the "*Confessio Amantis*", which may be divided into three classes; the first ending with a dedication to Richard II., the second omitting this dedication and in some copies containing a new dedication to Henry of Lancaster, as well as additional passages in Books V. and VII. and a rearrangement of Book VI., and the third combining the new preface and epilogue with the original text of the other books. Mr. Macaulay minutely analyses the whole of these MSS., from his personal examination, in some thirty pages of small print. He has founded his text on the Fairfax MS., "which has passed from one group into another partly by erasure and partly by substitution of leaves, apparently made under the direction of the author". With this MS. three MSS. have been collated, each representing one of the three classes into which the MSS. may be divided. Wherever a variation from the Fairfax text has been found, it has been compared with the readings of at least fourteen other copies. The results are given in footnotes. In addition to this there are very condensed but adequate notes on grammatic, historic, and metrical points, on the sources of the stories and on other versions of them; together with a glossary of a hundred pages, containing all Gower's English words, with their various forms of spelling, and references to their use in the text. The introduction of nearly 200 pages to the second volume of the English works contains, besides the minute analysis of texts, a point by point synopsis of the poem (pp. xxix—xcii), and some account of Gower's orthography, metre, and general characteristics as a poet. A more carefully and a more competently edited book we have rarely seen. Mr. Macaulay has done nothing for the sake of pedantry, nothing needlessly, and he has given us everything we require for the study of a poet who has never before been satisfactorily edited. Neither Caxton's edition of 1483 nor Berthelette's of 1532 is founded on a reliable

MS., or on a satisfactory treatment of MSS.; the edition in Chalmers' "British Poets", 1810, follows Berthelette's second edition; Pauli, 1857, for the most part follows Berthelette's first edition, correcting some of his errors from a very imperfect collation with a few of the MSS. Professor Henry Morley, 1889, follows Pauli, with some conjectural emendations of no value, and some omissions. Mr. Macaulay tells us that the material differences of reading between his text and that of Pauli, hitherto accepted as the best text available, are not less than two thousand.

For two centuries after his death it was usual to couple Gower with Chaucer, much as Skelton does in his "Garland of Laurel":

"I saw Gower that first garysshed our Englysshe rude,
And Maister Chaucer."

The difference between them is that between a great poet and a capable writer of verse. Both tell stories, but Gower, if he often tells his story neatly, does no more. He neither makes it live, as Chaucer does, nor illuminates it with poetry, like Chaucer. It is just a story, and it might as well have been told in prose. Gower writes verse almost as if he were writing prose, and it is this very fact which gives him some of his merit in the management of the couplet. He writes for the sense, making paragraphs, and letting the rhyme come where it chances. In his verse, as Mr. Macaulay notes, "we have a consistent and for the moment a successful attempt to combine the French syllabic with the English accentual system of metre, and this without sacrificing the purity of the language as regards forms of words and grammatical inflexion". Take, for instance, these lines from the first book:

"In a Forest al one he was:
He syh upon the grene grass
The faire freisshe floures springe,
He herde among the leves singe
The Throstle with the nyhtingale:
Thus er he wiste into a Dale
He cam, wher was a litel plein,
All round aboute wel besein
With buisshes grene and Cedres hyhe;
And ther withinne he caste his yhe."

The verse flows as smoothly, and with as little arrest by the couplet, as in the octosyllabic verse of William Morris. Here are some lines taken at random from the first octosyllabic tale in "The Earthly Paradise":

"So, glancing at the stars that broke
Twixt the thick branches here and there,
Backward he turned, and peered with care
Into the darkness, but saw nought,
Nor heard his folk, and therewith thought
His bed must be the brake leaves brown."

What difference is there in the handling of the metre? Well, it is to this that we have wisely returned, after the dark ages when the verse was written for the couplet and not the couplet for the verse. It is by no means certain that Gower's avoidance of the fault of too great precision in the echo was not partly due to his absence of any vehement or lyrical quality; he tells us that it is not in his power "grete thinges to compasse", and that he will write "with rude wordis and with pleyne" of a matter which is known to everyone. He admits none of Chaucer's licenses in rhythm, or in the accentuation of words; his lines flow smoothly, neither broken by any emotion nor lifted by any ecstasy; he decides at the outset that, as he tells us:

"I wolde go the middel weie
And wryte a bok between the tweie,
Somewhat of lust, somewhat of lore,
That of the lasse or of the more
Som man mai lyke of that I wryte:
And for that fewe men endite
In oure englysshe, I thenke make
A bok for Engelondes sake,
The yer sextenthe of Kyng Richard."

And so he goes the middle way, between prose and poetry, writing carefully with ease. He makes few pictures, seeming to write out of other books, and not out of what his imagination has called up before his eyes.

Thus when the poet first meets Venus, at the beginning of the poem, there is no description, a mere statement, and we come at once to the inquisition of the priest of Venus. At the beginning of the tale of Ulysses, in the Sixth Book, we read this kind of catalogue:

"He was a gret rethorien,
He was a gret magicien;
Of Tullius the rethorique,
Of King Zoraster the magique,
Of Tholome thastronomie,
Of Plato the Philosophie,
Of Daniel the slepi dremes,
Of Neptune eke the water strems";

and so forth. In the Eighth Book, when he sees the company

"Of gentil folk that whilom were
Lovers",

he can fill his lines with such empty strings of names as these:

"Ther was Tristram, which was believed
With bele Ysolde, and Lancelot
Stod with Gunnore, and Galahot
With his ladi, and as me thoghte,
I syh wher Jason with him broghte
His love, which that Creusa hihte."

His mind is always set firmly on the tale; he tells the tale simply, clearly, unaffectedly, not dawdling over it, for the most part; and it is natural that a talent of this kind should have brought him popularity. When men ceased to care for his telling of the stories, or for the telling of any stories in verse, apart from the poetical quality of their telling, Gower lost most of his interest. He remains for students, and it is for students that Mr. Macaulay has prepared this masterly edition.

S. THOMAS AND THE NORTHMEN IN AMERICA.

"History of America before Columbus." By P. de Roo.
2 vols. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott.
1900. 30s. net.

THIS is a difficult book to review. It is learned and contains a good deal of original research, but so utterly uncritical that for "the general reader" it is a somewhat dangerous work. Authors good bad and indifferent are treated as of equal authority, and no attempt is made to estimate the historic value of the statements made by Spanish priests and missionaries and their later copyists. In fact, the critical attainments of the author may be judged from the fact that he gravely appeals to Geoffroy of Monmouth (*sic*) in proof of the conquest of Iceland by King Arthur. It is not surprising, therefore, that we should find him defending the authenticity of the references to Greenland and Iceland in the Bulls of Pope Gregory IV. (835), or that Plato's "Atlantis" should once more be produced in evidence of a knowledge of America on the part of the classical world.

Mr. de Roo is neither a critic nor an anthropologist, and unfortunately the task to which he has set himself demands some training in both criticism and anthropology. The ethnological and linguistic comparisons made by him are, many of them, those of an amateur, or such as might be found in the forgotten tomes of two centuries ago. What can we think of a writer who pretends to modern scholarship, and is in his own way learned and painstaking, who yet tells us "that there is great probability of the 'Papas' of Quetzalcoat's teocalli being Irish Papas in olden times," or who believes that the crosses found so plentifully in America are a sure and certain proof of the introduction of Christianity into America long before its discovery by Columbus? Mr. de Roo seems never to have heard of the "Pre-Christian cross." The symbol is, of course, found all over the world, and upon Mr. de Roo's theory would prove that the ancient Egyptians and Babylonians had been made acquainted with the tenets of Christianity. His philology is similarly antiquated, or of a kind that we expect to meet with in Anglo-Israelitish literature rather than in a work of learning and research. Thus the Basque language is supposed to show signs of affinity to the

languages of America, and the incorporation which distinguishes it is confused with the polysynthetism which characterises the languages of the New World.

It is a pity that Mr. de Roo has so little understood what is meant by scientific and historical evidence, for his work is interesting and full of information, while the latter part of it which deals with the settlements of the Northmen in Greenland and their voyages to Vinland and elsewhere is well worth study. Here Mr. de Roo is on historic ground, and the influence of the Northmen upon the Esquimaux, or even upon the Indian tribes who drove the Esquimaux into their present northern homes, deserves careful investigation. It is a more promising subject of inquiry than the legendary voyage of S. Brendan, or the identification of Quetzalcoatl, the Toltecan culture-hero, with a Christian monk.

Mr. de Roo's chief object, however, in his first volume is to show that the apostle S. Thomas found his way to America and there preached the doctrines of primitive Christianity. But we fear that he will not persuade biblical critics that the command to go "into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature" meant that the Apostles themselves were to traverse all the inhabited parts of the globe. Nor will his argument be served by the statement that "S. Paul who, according to known history, travelled as much as any other apostle, and is said to have preached in America, testifies in several places that he and his colleagues evangelised the whole world". The statement is a measure of the author's critical faculty, or rather want of it, and illustrates the value of the evidence he thinks he can derive for his contention from the religious beliefs and practices of the civilised American nations.

Among the latter he finds depraved survivals of such Christian doctrines and rites as those of the Trinity and the Incarnation, Baptism and the Eucharist, Confession and Penance. Herein he is only following the early Spanish missionaries who were surprised at discovering among the native tribes so much that reminded them of their own religion, and accordingly accounted for it by supposing either that the Devil had parodied the true faith, or that the Gospel had been preached in America long before their own time. The resemblances between Christianity and the religions of Mexico and Central America were naturally exaggerated by both missionaries and converts. Christian explanations were given of rites and ceremonies which really had a wholly different origin, and Christian teaching came to colour the native folklore and the accounts which the converts gave of their former practices and beliefs. The Spanish writers to whom mainly we owe what we know on the subject were not anthropologists, and their religious horizon was bounded by the dogmas and usages of their own creed. We must therefore use their testimony with the greatest caution and critically examine all that they have to tell us. The failure to do this has vitiated not only Mr. de Roo's work and conclusions, but also those of most of his predecessors in the same field; even Bancroft's volumes are rather a huge collection of extracts from original sources than an attempt to deal with them critically and determine their value and authenticity. Prescott alone has treated his materials in the spirit and with the method of the historian; for Payne's "History of the New World" is still but an unfinished fragment. Meanwhile trustworthy materials are being accumulated for the study of the American aborigines, more especially under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute, to whose publications it is significant that Mr. de Roo does not once refer.

"THE OLD CHIEF."

"Lord Salisbury." By Edward Salmon. ("The Bijou Biographies" No. 5.) London: Drane. 1901. 6d.

MR. SALMON has been at some pains to state a case which the great majority of Englishmen have long since accepted as proven. It is well, however, that he should have done so—especially at the present time. There are many who still think of Lord Salisbury as the aristocrat and the Tory, the "great

master of gibes and flouts and jeers". For such superficial observers this little volume will correct many misapprehensions; and even, it is to be hoped, stimulate original inquiry. It is to the consistent politician (how many public men of half the Premier's age could look with equanimity to-day on their first election addresses?), to the steady Constitutionalist, to the statesman who has grasped the possibility of Empire under democratic government, that the writer bids us look. Here and there some vivid picture is presented; that, for instance, of a Queen and a Cecil rounding off much of the work which a Queen and a Cecil began.

Apprehensive—as every wise statesman must be—of the demands of an uninstructed electorate, the Prime Minister has never doubted the fundamental sanity of the British character, or despaired of the political education of his countrymen. This education has sometimes taken the form of home truths; a fact little to be regretted, inasmuch as it points to the mutual confidence by which alone it has become possible. Of particular interest at the present moment is the contemplation of Lord Salisbury's attitude with regard to the affairs of Egypt and South Africa during the period of Mr. Gladstone's second administration—a period throughout which he punctuated his great antagonist's course by prophecy of the tragic reckoning in store. The book closes with an estimate of the Premier's position as a man of science, in a chapter whose great interest entirely justifies its inclusion. "Of his private life" adds the writer, "the world knows little—a circumstance which is the best tribute to its simplicity, its purity, and its unpretentious virtues".

LEGAL REFORMATION.

"A Century of Law Reform." Twelve Lectures at Lincoln's Inn. London: Macmillan. 1901. 5s.

LEGAL reform is almost a record of a nation's changes. It is not quite a complete one because it does not seem to include the history of pure literature and the fine arts. Perhaps the law of copyright has a somewhat remote connexion with literature and the arts. It certainly has something to do with the pecuniary rewards of their professors, and one might imagine therefore that indirectly even literature and the arts are not quite independent of law. However that may be, it is somewhat curious that in none of these lectures is any mention made of the law of copyright, though as a matter of fact almost the whole law of copyright has sprung up and been widely developed during the century. With this exception we have in this book an epitome of English domestic history during the century and as the lectures were, by a happy thought of the Council of Legal Education, intended not for legal students only but for a wider public we are presented with a brief, admirably composed, which should be of the greatest service as a handbook to the history of the last hundred years.

Law reform thus means a great deal more than reform of legal procedure. If it did not, we are afraid that most of the changes could hardly be called satisfactory reforms. It is true we are not worse in any department of the legal system than we were in the days of Lord Eldon and Lord Ellenborough. In some respects we are better; but there still remains enough of delay, of harassment, and expense in our Chancery and Common Law Divisions to make us doubt whether the reform of legal procedure has not been the least effective of all the reforms that have been instituted. We should like to hear Mr. Birrell deliver a complementary lecture to that in which he relates the abuses of the old Court of Chancery, and where he should set out all those abuses under which the unhappy litigant still groans in the present High Court. Apart from substantive changes which have been made in the law, such as those with regard to imprisonment for debt, it may be doubted whether we have gained sufficient compensating advantages by the obliteration of the historic distinctions between the Court of Chancery and the Common Law Courts. There was room for endless improvements in each case, and it is probable that if these improvements had been made without casting the whole legal system into the melting pot, we should have had less of the expensive muddle

that has prevailed during the last quarter of the century and still prevails. If the procedure of the old Court of Chancery and of the Common Law Courts were antiquated and absurd, a lawyer of to-day will admit that the practice of the present Courts is a monstrous excrescence. The old Courts were colossal in their wickedness: they were openly corrupt, and robbed and oppressed their victims in the barbarous spirit of the laws they administered. The new Courts have not kept pace with the requirements of the times: they are inefficient machinery: they have the vice of weakness.

In every other respect the Courts are purer because they are administering a body of reformed substantive law whose progress begins with the early years of nineteen hundred. Land reform, poor law reform, the growth of a completely organised system of Local Government in counties and boroughs, the reformation of the law of master and servant, the altered relations of husband and wife in regard to property: all these changes have transformed the character of the justice administered in the Common Law Courts. In the Criminal Courts we can say that all the changes have been improvements. Even yet the system of pleading (in the technical sense, not advocacy) ought to be simplified, but what reform has been effected has been more successful than the more radical alteration of the pleading in the Civil Courts. We have the authority of Sir H. B. Poland that the latest change, the competency of the prisoner and his wife to give evidence, has been of the greatest benefit, though like every change it was accompanied with doleful prophecies. On the same authority we have the testimony that the spirit of advocacy has changed for the better. There is almost none of the old bullying of prisoner and witnesses by judge and advocate; and trickiness is no longer a system, but where it occurs is an idiosyncrasy of the practitioner. Conveyancing is another legal art which has been deprived to a very great extent of its mystery, its verbosity, and its expense. Mr. Underhill comforts the solicitors, who are opposed to the latest development in conveyancing in the experimental system of registration of title, with the remark that while it cannot be denied that registration will be a great improvement on the present system they need not be afraid of conveyancing disappearing. The law of real property is and always will be sufficiently complex to secure a fair reward for the ingenuity of solicitors.

We imagine very much the same can be said of the changes in the law of employers' liability and the poor law. Mr. Ruegg points out that the Workmen's Compensation Act has been a great boon to workingmen, though it has temporarily rather increased than diminished litigation. So much so in fact, that it has led to one of those periodical patchings up of the system of the Courts which are adopted in despair while waiting for the law reformer who has the courage to reform the whole system. But even when the Workmen's Compensation Act is extended so as to cover almost all employments as it no doubt will be, though there may be less litigation the work of solicitors will be increased. So too in respect of poor law reforms. Mr. Blake Odgers gives an interesting account of reforms of iniquities in the law of settlement which occasioned such a mass of expensive and ridiculous litigation. But in fact the complexities of poor law administration have increased and not diminished; and if legal work is not so focussed in the Courts as it used to be, the system is so vast that lawyers have more work in connexion with it than ever they had. From the lawyer's point of view the chief difference is that the work has been transferred from the higher to the lower branch of the profession. The whole tendency of legal changes in this respect has been in the same direction and it must be regarded as the reverse of a reform. Most of the changes in the High Court have worked this result, and the institution of the modern County Court system has been the most striking instance of the tendency. As between the two branches of the profession the solicitors have grown at the expense of the Bar. The latter has lost something of its former prestige and a good deal of its profits: the solicitors have gained in both, if allowance be made for certain recent occurrences which have justly placed

them under a cloud. With the usual reticence of the Bar however on this untoward shifting of the balance of power, none of the learned lecturers have added to the interest of their very interesting lectures by treating of this delicate subject. Noblesse oblige no doubt, but too great delicacy may mean the loss of one's rights.

NOVELS.

"Sawdust." By Dorothea Gerard. Heinemann. 1901. 6s.

There is a considerable fascination in this book, born of the machinery of the sawmill as well as of fresh air and the scent of pinewoods. The chief character of the book is the inventor of a steam-saw, who has risen from the position of office-boy to that of a millionaire owner of sawmills. This is an admirable study; the passion for work burning in the fagged, wiry frame; the inability to understand the character of his son, an excellent young fellow with not the smallest head for business, the expressed contempt and the concealed jealousy of his social betters—Miss Gerard makes use of these to paint in a really capital picture of a hard-headed, close-fisted, snobbish and unscrupulous old man whose one thought is for machinery and money. Herr Mayer, indeed, is one of the most unattractive, and most interesting, personalities we have met with for some time. He jockeys a Polish Count—another capital portrait, by the way—into a bargain which it is clear can lead to but one thing—the loss of the Count's estates: out of the pinewoods on those estates he begins to build up a huge fortune, when there enters on the stage from a German university his son. Rudolph Mayer was intended by his father to come into the sawmill as a workman, even as Josef Mayer had begun his life's work. Unfortunately, he took neither after his mother, who was a worthy frau largely developed from the point of view of the dressmaker, but slightly informed in the usages of polite society (she decided, after seeking instruction in a Manual of Etiquette, to return the visit of a Countess in a bonnet of pink crape and lily of the valley); nor did he take after his father, who is skimpy, small-eyed and a first-class business man. He is merely a clean-built, straight-limbed son of Adam, and he falls head-over-ears in love with the Count's daughter Katinka. The Count, who loves his daughter and is a gentleman, does not object; Herr Mayer, who loves his son but is not a gentleman, does. It would be unfair to Miss Gerard to give away the best part of her story, namely, the plot by which she nullifies Rudolph's father and sets everything straight—it goes very crooked indeed at one time—between Katinka and Rudolph. But her description of the scene in which Josef Mayer, against whose life certain of his down-trodden Jewish employes are plotting through a chemist poisoner, hears that he has lost his millions, and at the same time, according to all the doctors, ought to be dying, or rather dead, is really good writing. "Sawdust" is certainly not a perfect book. There are some unconvincing passages in it, for instance, one or two of the scenes between Rudolph and Katinka—and there is our old friend "bête noir," which ought not to occur in a novel which contains quotations from Scheffel's "Trompeter." But it is well worth careful reading, if only for Miss Gerard's creation of Josef Mayer.

"The Grip of the Bookmaker." By Percy White. London: Hutchinson. 1901. 6s.

All that one expects from Mr. Percy White is to be found in his latest book. It abounds with cynicism so delicate and restrained as to be most unkindly telling. It gives brilliant little peeps at a world less respectable than its half-sister, the demi-monde, because so infinitely more cruel and less candid. It treats one or two characters exhaustively, patiently and with insight. And it throws a love affair of ideal purity and faithfulness into strong contrast with the trivial trafficking in passions that surrounds it. Mrs. Stewart is perhaps the cleverest portrait. The charming little woman with "no real harm in her" who has once been slighted by her friend's husband, and is afterwards found more than ready to help her friend to a lover, out of the purest sympathy with romance, is the most subtle malevolent sketch. The old bookmaker himself has a

shade too much of the average parvenu of fiction about him. The heroine is not strikingly human or even very distinctly alive. But the occasional figures and the working-out of the whole thing are as clever as anything that Mr. Percy White has done. The book is not so witty as some things he has written, but there are epigrammatic flashes that one feels tempted to quote. The bookmaker's housekeepers, too, act as comic relief. Mrs. Fortescue especially is excellent.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Twenty Thousand Miles of Road Travel in Central and Western Europe." By W. J. A. Stamer. London: Chapman and Hall. 1901. 12s.

Why we are so little loved abroad is a question of far greater difficulty as well as of far greater importance than is supposed by the man who is prepared to attribute it all to the jealousy and spite of foreign nations which are enraged at our colonial success and our wealth. Hence one turns with a good deal of interest to this book after reading the preface in which the author says: "The virtuously indignant who cannot understand why the English should be so hated on the Continent, will learn, by reading these pages, the reason why." In the chapter on Florence Mr. Stamer attempts to show why the English are so disliked. We are not prepared to accept his explanation as altogether sufficient: there must be causes that lie much deeper than Mr. Stamer supposes: nevertheless he does perform a really useful service in pointing out that the manners of the Englishman travelling in Continental countries are often outrageous and exasperating. "What a cad!" would be our quite justifiable comment on a man who behaved at home as he is too often in the habit of doing in foreign countries in which the people are every whit as sensitive as ourselves. Mr. Stamer who has travelled widely and long on the Continent gives various examples of ill behaviour on the part of his countrymen. "Disobedience to the written laws of the land" is one cause of offence. "The English tourist—he of the 'Arry' type more especially—is impatient of restraint. In his eyes, rules and regulations have no signification whatever. The railway station of the seaport where he lands is, not infrequently, the scene of his first attempts at rule-evasion. Shall he, a free-born Briton, be penned like a sheep in a waiting-room? Perish the thought! He attempts to force his way to the platform, is headed back, and straightway assuages his wrath by anathematising the country and the people. Ignoring notice-boards, pretending not to understand the meaning of *défendu, verboten, difeso*, or the remonstrances which are made him in French or other languages, he is in constant collision with the authorities whose wrath he endeavours still further to excite by keeping on his hat in their presence." Perhaps such protests as are here lodged against the behaviour of a large class of English tourists would have come better from Mr. Stamer if had himself desisted from angling in waters in which he had no right to angle, and from tipping the authorities when they found fault with him for this ("From San Sebastian to Florence", p. 57). Yet his protests are valuable for all that, and we believe that if English travellers on the Continent would take to heart many of the things which Mr. Stamer says in his book, there would soon be perceptible a slight change for the better in the relations between ourselves and various foreign peoples. Mr. Stamer's book is readable enough in other respects too, and there are some useful hints about expenses. The photographs on shiny paper add nothing to the worth of the volume.

"A Garden in the Suburbs." By Mrs. Leslie Williams. London: Lane. 1901. 5s. net.

Made on a foundation of matter contributed to horticultural and other journals. The chapter on buying plants should prove useful to amateur gardeners in Suburbia. Mrs. Williams should resist the inclination to find original and brilliant titles for her chapters: "Some Roses—and an End" is a painful instance of her failure to do so. One could wish too that she had not dragged in that absolutely most foolish of all the foolish jokes which ever appeared in "Punch" about people about to marry. This sort of silliness is bound to set readers slightly against a book and to blind them to its possible merits.

"The Harrow School Register 1801-1900." Second Edition. Edited by M. G. Daughlish. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1901. 15s. net.

The second edition of this most carefully edited work will be welcomed by all old Harrovians. This volume is brought up to date and it is proposed to reissue the Register every ten years. By considerable research the editor has been enabled to carry back his list to 1800 so as to include all the names of those who entered during the nineteenth century. Fortunately this edition has been sufficiently delayed to permit of service in the South African war being recorded.

Revue des Deux Mondes. 15 Juillet. 3f.

This number contains two particularly good articles one on "Tacitus' historical method" by M. Gaston Boissier

and the other on the "Palio" of Science by M. F. de Navenne. M. Boissier's special qualifications for treating of Tacitus are too well known to require reference, and his analysis of the qualities which go to make up the strength of his favourite is masterly. He regards him as the last author who treats history in the grand style of the true classic. M. de Navenne gives an account of a visit to Siena in August to see the horse race in the Piazza, perhaps the strangest survival of mediæval customs existing in Europe. This yearly display not only brings in thousands from the country round but is at the same time a religious function, for the horses are blessed in the churches, and a faction fight. The city is divided into districts each of which has its own arms, uniforms and champions, and the whole function carries back the mind even beyond mediæval times to the frantic jealousies of the chariot race. M. Olivier writes of Napoleon III.'s Polish policy and M. Fouillée on "la morale socialiste".

THE QUARTERLIES.

There is about the quarterly reviews a general air of detachment from the affairs of the immediate moment which is delightfully refreshing to the mind wearied somewhat by contemplation of problems, that are none the less pressing because the thermometer registers 85° in the shade. True, both the "Quarterly" and the "Edinburgh" deal with the Chinese imbroglio, and the latter has an article on South Africa, but neither has a word to say on Army Reform, or National Finance or the question of Education. Admirable though the articles on the South African and the Chinese situations are, we feel we could spare them for the sake of one or two social, descriptive and literary articles which are the most attractive, though not necessarily the most useful, feature of the reviews. The "Quarterly" urges that the policy of England should be to give the Anglo-German agreement a wider significance by including Japan and if possible the United States, with a view to maintaining the integrity of China, but the difficulty of fixing upon any scheme of policy and adhering to it is unwittingly illustrated by the "Edinburgh". The shortcomings of British diplomacy are only too apparent, and with the criticisms of the "Edinburgh" there can be no serious disagreement. But then the "Edinburgh" proceeds to enunciate a policy of its own, and having denounced the failure of the Government to discover a policy which it can uphold through thick and thin, we expect the reviewer to be firm in the application of his own principles. He advocates moderate indemnities and withdrawal as soon as possible. That is a definite policy. But it is, as he shows, rendered hopeless by the determination of France and Germany to detain troops at Shanghai. In regard to diplomacy, as in regard to art, critics deliver themselves into the hands of the criticised when they elect to become practitioners.

A nut if possible more difficult to crack even than the Chinese is the Newfoundland question, which in the near future must again engage the attention of the British and French Foreign Offices. The "Quarterly" prints two short articles, one in French, the other in English, giving both sides of the matter. The French contribution attributes the failure of diplomacy to find a settlement to "l'intransigeance du parlement de St. Jean, réclamant sans cesse l'abolition des droits de la France et refusant de se rendre aux raisons de son propre gouvernement, comme un enfant terrible qui veut une échelle pour atteindre la lune". On the English side whilst the necessity of consulting the wishes of the Newfoundland Government is recognised, the main stumbling-block is considered to be the claim of France to exclusive rights on the so-called French shore. Until the dispute has been settled it is impossible for Newfoundland to make the most of her resources. Another part of the Empire, whose difficulties are not diplomatic and whose resources are shown to be illimitable, is Uganda, of which one who is obviously familiar with the whole Protectorate gives a valuable account in the "Quarterly". Uganda, says the writer, has apparently been "cursed of late years with seven plagues—with war and bloodshed disease and depopulation among the natives, blackwater fever among Europeans, famine, rinderpest, drought and locusts." But these plagues notwithstanding there is a great future before a region which he describes as "the crown of tropical Africa; it contains all the wealth, all the wonders, all the beauties which are elsewhere widely scattered or are found in incomplete assemblage".

Several articles are of historic interest: to wit "Greece and Asia" in the "Edinburgh" and "The Dawn of Greece" in the "Quarterly"—which should be read together; "Drake and his Successors" in the "Edinburgh" and "The Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell" in the "Quarterly"—which judiciously appraise the achievements of two remarkable Englishmen; "National Personality" in the "Edinburgh", and "The Philosophical Radicals" in the "Quarterly". Every one of these is worth reading. A timely paper is the "Edinburgh's" careful study of Tolstoy. The "Quarterly" makes a caustic and wholly true examination of the popular novel. The article in the latter Review however which will command most attention is that on "Society Croakers". With the advent of the Reform days, not only was the old order expected

by commentators and critics like Greville and Raikes to give place to new but social and political revolution was regarded as inevitable. The Review gives a retrospect of social conditions during the first half of the nineteenth century in order to show "the gradual development in the polite life of England of new interests resented and denounced by exclusive and reactionary critics for no other reason than that they were more popular and more accessible than the political or sporting pursuits, regarded by Greville and his friends as alone deserving to regulate or to colour social intercourse". The polite world became tainted with the pretensions of the plutocracy or as some called it shopocracy. The great middle-class asserted itself, and wealth took its place in the first rank of social forces. Vulgarities were too often the accompaniment of the upheaval, but there has been no crash such as was anticipated from the constitutional and social changes witnessed during the Victorian era. An explanation is found in the assimilative gifts of the nouveaux riches. A process of levelling up is going on "which permeates the new wealth with the ideas and the sympathies of the old acres". And if the change has brought with it habits of excessive expenditure, which are a blot on the society of the day, "the growth of philanthropy may be regarded as some set off". This has been in some measure due to the influence of the Crown. "If our time has witnessed an unwelcome development in one sort or another of social vulgarity, if real intellectual culture fall lamentably short of its fashionable affectations, the steadily increasing growth of serious interests is a novelty, not indeed of kind but of degree, that may reconcile the pessimist to much of an opposite kind".

The "Law Quarterly Review" does not contain any articles connected with topical political or social questions. It is even of a severer strictly legal type than usual. The article on the much written of Law Merchant is noticeable for its notice of a treatise in Latin on the *Lex Mercatoria* recently published for the first time in the "Little Red Book of Bristol". Other articles are "The Constitutional Position of the Scottish Monarch prior to the Union" in which Mr. J. A. Lovat-Fraser re-states the Whig position of the severely restricted powers of the Scottish monarchy as against the newer views that have been lately put forward by Mr. Rait. The article by Mr. Adler on "The French Fishery Rights in Newfoundland" is a defence of the English repudiation of the French claims as including lobsters. Those on "Citizenship and Allegiance", on "Marriage at Sea" and "The Rule in *Merryweather v. Nixan*" by Mr. J. W. Salmond, Mr. J. Dundas White and Mr. J. Fischer Williams respectively are the kind of learned article we expect in the "Law Quarterly". Mr. A. V. Dicey's article on "Droit Administratif in Modern French Law" explains lucidly a branch of French law about which much vagueness exists owing to the fact that though in England we have nothing corresponding to the French system of administrative law we apply the term to the law of public administration as if we had.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

The man of the hour in Russia is undoubtedly Peszkov, or "Maxim Gor'ki" as he is better known. The slow climbing of an American rail-splitter to the majesty of the White House is as nothing to the rapid soaring of Gor'ki from the navy's spade, porter's knot and apple-hawker's basket to the position of favourite novelist, playwright, critic and philosopher—the hero of the Petersburg salons. It is but two or three years since he appeared upon the literary stage; making his entry abruptly, in mud-stained smock, into the office of a paper in the Caucasus, with his first story in his pocket. The editor read it while Gor'ki waited—approved and printed. Fame came when Korolenko welcomed him and published his tale of a dock-thief in "Russian Wealth". The story lacked all the essentials of great literature; the form was vague, the motives were obscure; it was plain that the author had no opinion whether the villain was a villain or a hero. But it was full of action, of action in a sphere unknown to the reading public—the setting of the riverside was boldly and sincerely painted—a kind of Glasgow School effect in words; and the story caught the general fancy. Gor'ki's romantic past helped him, and ensured his career. His *Complete Works* are in their second edition; and he is being rapidly translated into French, German, Bohemian and other languages. Professors lecture on him; critics write books about him; the Moscow Artistic Theatre is going to act his new play.

His patron Korolenko has all the qualities which are lacking in Gor'ki. It is long since he produced anything on a large scale: but the sketches he has published this year are as good as anything he has written. The essence of his talent is the power of penetrating the minds of the impenetrable savages, Russian and Turanian, who inhabit Nicholas' Empire, and revealing them in desultory-seeming tales and sketches, which are classically perfect in proportion, in selection, and in reticence. "The River at Play", a sketch of a drunken ferryman on the Vetluga, would claim attention were it not overshadowed by the splendid talent of "The Siberian Carriers", a series of sketches of the Stanoczniki of the Lena, published early this year in "Russian

Wealth", for which no words of praise can be too high. It purports to be no more than the diary of a journey up the Lena, in the dreary regions 1,500 miles or so north of Peking—a country which Korolenko learned to know only too well in the persecution of his younger days. He spent some years of exile there for refusing the oath of allegiance to Alexander III. Siberia would be little known to the reading public, if the Russian Government, in its providence, did not keep a dozen or so literary men always there in the lead-mines and settlements.

The Stanoczniki, the Carriers of the posting-houses planted along the Lena in order to keep the Arctic East of Siberia in touch with the central authority, are Russians that were drawn from their homes many generations ago by fairy tales of the Golden Mountains—degenerated into bad Eskimos by starvation, cold, toil, and intermarriage with the Yakuts; dependent on the slender salary paid by the Government; not daring to leave the bare stones where chance has thrown them, and where the reforms of the Empire have left them forgotten, "like the winter ice in the gullies of the mountains". Korolenko shows us the hopeless, lonely, Arctic desert, with its gleams of sunshine and fine shades of variation; he shows the timid monotonous life of the natives, like conversation in a whisper, broken now and again by the noisy passage of some hectoring official, or the drifting-by of hungry convicts "longing for the prison ahead as for a Promised Land". Against this grey background, two figures stand out in strong relief, Mikesza, the passionately curious boy, and Ostrowski, the savage persecuted Pole. Both of these have a right to the keenest sympathy, but Korolenko does not ask it for them: he only presents his figures, to pity or not as you please; he has the great compassion of genius, but he does not let one drop of it distil into sentimentality.

Mikesza's ambition is to escape from the Lena, and to become happy, wise or cunning—he knows no difference; his absorbing amusement is to watch the ways and feelings of men. The Carriers hold him to be half-witted; but in that desert terms of sanity and insanity are only relative; neither Korolenko nor his reader could easily say whether Mikesza is half-witted or the Carriers. When the traveller scribbles a note on a scrap of paper, all the hive hums with excitement. Mikesza watches him spellbound. The villagers swarm in. "Mikesza stood turning his eyes from the paper to the faces of his comrades and back, as if he were studying the secret bond between the paper and their mood." When two vagrant-convicts bar the road with an outcry for alms, Mikesza's only interest is to see what effect their appearance has on his companion. Mikesza envies the man who has been in prison as he envies the man who can write: each of them has a part in that unknown outer world of magic and cunning which draws him so strongly.

Ostrowski breaks upon the sight in the glare of his burning house. He set it on fire himself and is busy casting his plough, his harrow, and all his tools into the flames. When he was exiled to this place for his religion, when he came with his wife and child, the crafty Yakuts portioned him out a farm in a valley, where the corn-straw ripens fast, and the grain is blasted immaturely by the wind. Sturdy Ostrowski thought each year's disappointment an accident, until his wife died of poverty: sorrow made him savage and opened his eyes. Now he is off with his little daughter to pick a living at the mines: and lest his neighbours should profit by his departure he has burnt all that he could not carry on his back. Square, savage and indifferent he stalks into the posthouse among the timid Carriers, demanding a boat and provisions for the voyage.

I. P. Mirolubov's "Eight Years in Saghalien", reprinted in book form from the "Historical Review", deals with the same region of the world in a very different way. Writing as a convict, who has seen prison life from the inside, the author is naturally put at a disadvantage by the ever-present comparison with Dostoevski's "Notes from a Dead-house", his account of his own experiences in his Siberian gaol. The interest of Dostoevski's great book lay in his understanding of the men into whose company he was thrust, of their manners and inner social organisation. Compared to Dostoevski, Mirolubov is like a day-boy writing of life at a public school which has been described by a boarder. For he did not mix with the rabble of

(Continued on page 88.)

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murderers as Dostoevski did. The *intelligencia* is treated differently nowadays; the Government has a use for it in civilising its criminal island. "Eight Years in Saghalien" should be of the greatest use hereafter to the historian of prison systems; it is full of surprising information on the various treatment of the convicts. An Englishman reading it cannot but be surprised at the liberality of the censorship which lets such "startling revelations" go to press. It is plain that there is no less brutality in the treatment of the criminals than in Dostoevski's days. The prisoners have no more rights than cattle; and the prison governors, tortured into a morbid nervousness by authority and boredom, are likely to take to cruelty, as other men take to drink. The *intelligencia*, who also have only the rights of cattle, are treated like men and brethren. As soon as he arrived, Mirolubov was invited to dine at the prison-governor's house. He was soon put into the costume of a freeman and appointed to the Meteorological Observatory; he mixed as an equal in the military and official society of the island. His brother *intelligents*, mostly political offenders like himself, collected Giliak folklore. Mirolubov himself has much to say about this disappearing race. The Giliaks are dying of intermarriage and degeneration: women are scarce; there is something pathetic in the Giliak of twenty-five who proudly showed Mirolubov a baby girl of three whom he had just bought—to be his wife when she grew up. What Mirolubov does not tell us is to be found in Czechov's "Saghalien", a tourist's sketch of the island, published a few years ago.

Educated men have a high value in the convict settlement; but women criminals have a higher. Twenty years or so ago they were taken straight to the prison-brothel: but nowadays the murderesses are kept as a reward for the well-behaved convicts; and a good-looking one may hope to marry a warder or a clerk. When a party of women arrives the governor sends for the best prisoners, who have earned the modified liberty of convict-farmers. From all parts of the island the "suitors", as they are mockingly called, troop to the prison; the doors are thrown open and the bazaar begins. After walking shyly up and down inspecting the new arrivals for awhile, the "suitor" will at last summon up courage to make his choice. "She asks if he has a samovar, what his roof is covered with, &c.", and if the answers are satisfactory, the ceremony of "civil marriage" is completed by an entry in the prison register. As soon as a woman has found a mate she is released from all servitude but that of a wife, and her only penal duty is to draw her rations of food and clothing. The most miserable class of the population consists of the peasant-women who have followed their convict-husbands to the island: they receive no rations and their only means of livelihood is selling themselves to the soldiers—a trade in which their husbands are obliged to acquiesce.

A. Markov's book of "White Sea Ballads" deals with another outlying part of the Empire. He and Grigor'ev have been collecting the folklore of the parts about Archangel. Grigor'ev's collection is promised by the St. Petersburg Academy; meanwhile Markov's has been published by the Moscow Anthropological Society. The *Byliny* or Ballads are the remnant of epic cycles relating the myths and history of many centuries ago, from the pagan and early-Christian days of Kiev, the republican days of Great Novgorod, down to the doings of John the Terrible, Peter the Great and Napoleon. Driven out of Kiev and Moscow by the Tartars and the priests, the Muses fled to the inaccessible fenlands of the north; from generation to generation these old sing-song poems have been handed down by the illiterate retentive peasants. Rybnikov, Kireevski and Hilferding seemed to have harvested all that could be found; but each new expedition returns with hundreds of variants of the old poems in the different dialects of the peasantry. Just as Rybnikov got most of his treasures from one man, Rjabinin, so Markov has got the greater part of his, more than 10,000 lines, from one old woman, Krjukova.

The introduction by Vsevolod Müller promises rather more than the collection performs. The close, crisp style is hard to find; most of the new variants are new only because the singers have forgotten the story. The White Sea version of the comical "Siege of Solovetsk"—the famous siege of the monks who would not accept Nikon's revised version of the Prayer-book—is a tale without a smile in it. There is nothing new in the marriage of that "courteous knight" Dobrynia except that forgetfulness has wiped the story blank. The collection is a hundred miles behind Hilferding's "Onega Ballads" and many thousand behind Rybnikov and Kireevski. Still there are treasures here and there: such as the new ballad of Prince Gleb of Novgorod. Here Marinka—a witch already known in the older collections, if she be the same that dallied in Kiev with the dragon Tugarin—appears as half Sphinx, half Circe. She keeps Gleb's sailors prisoners, until Gleb comes, guesses her six riddles, and refuses the proffered reward of her hand in marriage. His horse, by timely restiveness, spills the cup which *spretæ injuria forme* had prompted her to poison; off goes her head, and the rest live happily ever afterwards.

Of the works which we can do no more than mention, the first place by reason of the author's reputation and the book's bulk is Schilder's "Life of the Emperor Paul", that Russian

Caligula, whose behaviour is well summed up by Petruszewski, in saying that, in his restless mind, impulse took the place of conviction, and was translated without pause into action. Charuzin's "Bosnia-Herzegovina" is an important work for those who busy their minds with Servo-Croatian affairs, and the claims of Austria in the Eastern question. The book is not written in an appetising style, but if it had no other value, the bibliography at the end of every chapter would give it one as a handbook.

Professor Ivanovski, of Kazan, has made an interesting little book on the Beguny, Stranniki, Wanderers, "Undergrounders" or Runaways, as they are variously called—the sect to which attention was called in 1897 by the martyrdom of many in Tiraspol, who buried themselves alive to escape enrolment in Antichrist's books, together with the Mark of the Beast and other things, at the time of the Russian census. A translation of this and other books of the kind would do something to dispel the ignorance traded on by our sensational papers, one of which lately printed a picture of some old Tartar tombstones as "prehistoric relics of the Beguny" though the sect is eighty or ninety years old at the most. Truth is stranger than fiction, and there is "sensation" enough in the bald facts. Nothing could be more "sensational" than Professor Ivanovski's account of the woman who lay ill on the floor, expecting the "Red Death" to come to her. Her husband, hidden in a corner—he was an unbeliever—saw the floor open and from it uprose a figure which went over to stifle the woman with a red cushion. Close quarters proved the "Red Death" to be no more than a peasant fanatic, easily worsted by a healthy infidel.

For This Week's Books see page 90.

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XII^e ANNÉE.

Peu de mots, beaucoup d'idées.

Peu de mots, beaucoup d'idées.

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Rédaction et Administration: 12 AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA, PARIS.

GREAT BOULDER PERSEVERANCE.

THE sixth ordinary general meeting of the Great Boulder Perseverance Gold Mining Company, Limited, was held on Friday, July 12, at 7 Moorgate Street, Mr. Frank Gardner (the Chairman) presiding.

The Chairman said that the meeting took place at an unusually late date this year, the reason being that the general manager required a rest after his heavy labours of the past 18 months, and it was considered desirable that he should be present at the meeting. During his absence the mining work would be attended to by Mr. Flynn, the underground manager, Mr. Blakeslee, the engineer, being in charge of all the surface operations. There was not the slightest foundation for the rumour to the effect that there had been friction between the Australian management and the London office. Turning to the accounts, bullion to the value of £160,368 was won from the treatment of 42,470 tons of ore and 25,990 tons of tailings. This value represented 46,325 oz. of gold, or an average per ton of ore of just under 1 oz. 2 dwt. There was a slight error in the report as to the tonnage treated for the year and the gold production. Mr. Nichols' report showed two items representing 828 tons sent to the smelters, yielding 1,777 oz. These two shipments were taken to account last year and the figures should not have been included again. The item of £160,368 in the profit and loss account was of course not affected by this error. The mining, treatment and administration costs in Australia and London, including Australian Government duty and every outgoing, amounted to £107,724, leaving a net profit of £52,644, to which had to be added transfer fees and dividends £1,052, making a total profit of £53,696. The costs during the past year had been—Mining sulphide ore, 138. 11'2d.; mining oxidised ore, 75. 10'6d. Treating sulphide ore, the first costs were high, amounting to 38s. 9'4d. This was reduced in November to 28s. 5'6d., and although a considerable increase was shown in December owing to special causes, the cost had now been reduced considerably. April cost was 26s. 8d. and May 23s. 9'4d. Mr. Nichols was confident that he would confine this cost to not exceeding 25s. Milling oxidised ores averaged 18s. 5'2d., and treating tailings, 8s. 8'6d. It had been thought proper to write off the whole of the development account, amounting to £28,338, to revenue account, and to set aside £7,614 for depreciation of plant and machinery. The sulphide plant being new they had not deemed it necessary to write off any depreciation from this account this year. The net profits were therefore brought down to £17,743, to which was added £77,813 brought forward from last account, making a total credit to this account of £95,556, which for the reasons he gave last year it was proposed to carry forward. Turning to the balance sheet, they had expended on plant and machinery, &c., during last year, no less a sum than £124,000, of which £90,467 had been expended on the sulphide plant, the total cost of which was about £125,000. The whole of this sum, together with the cost of the large stock of stores, had either been paid for out of profits or by advances made to the Company, which were being repaid out of this year's profits. The accounts showed an indebtedness on loan and open accounts of £109,000, against which they had unrealised gold and cash at bankers amounting to £21,500. This looked a heavy burden, but whereas other companies on the Kalgoorlie Field had been able to get big returns from their oxidised ores during the time their sulphide plants were being erected, the Perseverance oxidised ores cut out at very shallow depth, and Mr. Nichols had no easy task to provide oxidised ore of sufficiently good grade to show a profit. To-day showed a vastly different financial position. Instead of owing £88,000 they owed to-day not more than £46,000, the last month's return having been higher than expected. By the end of September or middle of October they should not only have liquidated this debt, but also paid the cost of the additions to the sulphide plant. The shareholders had been very patient in the long waiting for dividends, but they would reap the benefit of the policy of applying past and present profits to the installation of a magnificent plant. The Company had sunk and driven during last year some 5,308 feet, or, roughly, about the same amount as the previous year. Down to the 500-foot level, as far as the drives have been put in, both the Perseverance and Lake View lodes showed great width and good values. Mr. Nichols, with a caution which they appreciated, declined to attempt to estimate accurately the tonnage and value of ore reserves, but he gave his opinion in October last that to this level they might reckon on 250,000 tons of ore of the average value of 1½ oz. Since that time they had cut both of the main lodes at the 700-foot level, giving an additional 200 feet of backs on the ore bodies. Even now they had hardly touched their ground, and it must be obvious to everybody that they had enormous reserves of ore in the mine, although Mr. Nichols did not care to put them into figures. They were down to 700 feet, where they had their lodes. The Great Boulder Company was down, he believed, to 1,400 feet, but certainly had the lode at 1,200 feet, and there was no reason why this Company should not experience the same thing in their property. He concluded by moving the adoption of the report.

Mr. Zebina Lane seconded the motion.

Mr. Ralph Nichols (general manager) explained at length the position of the mine.

The Chairman read a letter from Sir Christopher Furness, M.P., who wrote that he was prepared to increase his holding up to 10,000 shares.

The resolution, on being put to the meeting, was carried unanimously.

Mr. Lane was re-elected a director, and Messrs. Chatteris, Nichols & Co. re-appointed auditors.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman closed the proceedings.

THE BRITISH WESTRALIA SYNDICATE.

THE seventh ordinary general meeting of the British Westralia Syndicate, Limited, was held on July 12 at the offices, 7-11 Moorgate Street, E.C., Mr. Frank Gardner (the Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the directors' report and accounts said: With regard to our assets, I propose to make a few remarks about each company in which we hold shares. The Perseverance Company: I have this morning at that Company's meeting given every information with regard to its position and prospects, and a copy of the proceedings at that meeting shall be sent to each one of you. The Great Boulder South: This Company has a most promising property, which will, I think, at an early date now be producing. The shaft is down to 500 feet, and sinking has been resumed, but progress will not be rapid until a new winding plant, which has been ordered, is at work. At the 550 foot the Company has been working on three distinct lodes, the width ranging from 1 foot to 5 feet and assaying on an average about 1 oz., the shutes of ore being much longer at this level than in the levels above. One great advantage which this Company possesses is that it has no treatment problem to grapple, the ore being free milling. Hannan's Public Crushing Company: This Company pays a steady dividend of 7½ per cent., and is well equipped with a 20-stamp battery and other necessary plant for carrying on its business. The Boulder Bonanza Company is an asset of some prospective value. Windsor Consolidated Gold Mines: There have been some difficulties with this property, and in the extraction of the gold, owing to the pre-

sence of carbonates of copper. News is expected daily of the cutting of the lode at the 200-foot level, and Mr. Lane (on whose advice the property was originally purchased) is still hopeful of its ultimate success. I may state that having regard to the poor results in working the upper level during the past six months we have thought it right to voluntarily make over to the Company, free of any cost whatever (although we are not under the slightest obligation to do so), two additional leases. The Anchor Consolidated Company is an asset which should result very favourably at no distant date. The Company is already making a profit out of its 10-stamp battery, and conditions are so promising that the directors have authorised the erection of an additional 10 stamps, which are now being put up and should shortly be at work. I believe there is little doubt but that this Company will be able to pay a regular dividend as soon as the milling plant is completed and gets fairly started. In the Collie Proprietary Coalfields this Company possesses another valuable asset. The Company is already turning out some 4,000 tons of coal a month at a fair profit. It has an ample working capital; its output can be increased by the expenditure of a very small additional amount, as the seam of coal they are working is 14 feet thick. Its output is bound to find a ready sale, and it is only a question of a year or two before all the gold mines in West Australia will be bound to adopt coal as a fuel in place of wood, so that a profitable trade to the collieries must result. There is also a big field open in the bunkering of steamers, and the Collie Proprietary Company is now engaged in procuring the best and most modern coal-briquette-making machinery; this form of fuel being so easily handled, it is particularly adapted to ships' purposes. I am informed that the Company could readily find a market for 10,000 tons of briquettes a month at remunerative prices. Next we possess a fourth interest in the Jarrah Wood and Saw Mills Company, with a forest area of about 40,000 acres good timber land, the main mill being only 25 miles from the port. Our Perth Estate has been formed into a small company for the purpose of distributing among you our interest in it. I now beg to move "that the directors' report and the accounts to February 28 last as submitted be and they are hereby received and adopted."

Mr. W. M. Greenip seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

An extraordinary general meeting was then held for the purpose of considering resolutions providing for the voluntary liquidation of the Company, with Mr. Walter Bramall as liquidator, and the distribution of the assets of the Company.

The Chairman said that matters in the Australian market during the past 18 months had been in such a state as to make it a matter of much difficulty to employ the Company's funds in Australian business profitably. In the liquidation they would receive in cash about 30s. per share, and for every ten British Westralia shares they will get shares in the various companies in which they have holdings approximately as follows:—½ Perseverance share, ¼ Great Boulder South shares, 7 Crushing Company shares, 10 Bonanza shares, 10½ Windsor shares, 13 Anchor shares, 12 Collie Coal shares, ¼ Jarrah Wood shares, ¾ Nicaragua Development Syndicate share, and 1 Perth Estate share. This division will leave some small number of shares in each company to be realised by the liquidator, who will divide the proceeds in cash.

Mr. Stanley Bramall seconded the resolutions, which, after a brief discussion, were carried unanimously.

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THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

THE Publisher of the "ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE" begs to say that he still has a few sets of YEOMANRY TYPES for disposal at the original price, 12s. 6d., carriage paid in United Kingdom. There are 33 types in the series, including one showing the Imperial Yeomanry in their active service kit. The remainder of the plates depict the different regiments of Imperial Yeomanry in their strikingly handsome home uniforms; these uniforms, by the way, will be very rarely seen in future owing to the thorough reorganisation of the whole force. Hence the moment is opportune for securing this valuable series of coloured plates. The plates are also sold separately, 6d. each, post free. List and specimen gratis of the Publisher, "Army and Navy Gazette," 3 York Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

FOUR PER CENT. EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT IRRIGATION TRUST CERTIFICATES.

Secured by deposit of Government Pay Warrants (Mandats de Paiement), which are a direct and unconditional obligation of the Egyptian Government and a charge (affectation) on the Irrigation Works at Assouan and Assiout on the Nile.

ISSUE OF 3,600 CERTIFICATES OF £100 EACH TO BEARER, £360,000

Further part of a total issue of like Certificates for £2,714,700, all ranking pari passu, bearing interest at 4 per cent. and redeemable by means of an accumulative sinking fund within 30 years commencing in 1903, to be secured by a deposit of Pay Warrants of the Egyptian Government amounting to £4,716,780, falling due in sixty equal half-yearly instalments, commencing on 1st July, 1903. The amount of Certificates already issued is £1,570,000.

Trustees for the Certificate-holders.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD HILLINGDON.

SIR ERNEST CASSEL, K.C.M.G.

HUGH COLIN SMITH, ESQ.

The holders of the Certificates will be entitled to receive out of the proceeds of the deposited Pay Warrants interest at the rate of 4% per annum, commencing from the 1st January, 1903, payable by half-yearly coupons on the 1st July and 1st January, and the principal by means of sixty half-yearly drawings at par, the first repayment to be made on July 1st, 1903.

The payment of coupons up to and including January 1st, 1903, is provided for by the deposit in cash with the Trustees of the amount required.

ISSUE PRICE 100%	
payable £ 5 on Application :	
£ 15 on Allotment :	
£ 40 on August 28th :	
£ 42 on September 30th.	
Total	£ 102%

The full interest (£2) for six months will be payable on January 1st, 1902, when the first coupon on the Certificates will be due.

Payment in full may be made on allotment, in which case a discount at the rate of 4% per annum will be allowed.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND are authorised to receive applications for this Issue.

THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT in 1898 entered into a contract with Messrs. John Aird & Co. for carrying out certain Irrigation Works, consisting mainly of two large dams (barrages) across the River Nile, one situated at Assouan, about 590 miles, and the other at Assiout, about 250 miles above Cairo.

The Government agreed to pay the Contractors for work done and materials supplied as the works progress, by its Pay Warrants, due as hereinafter stated, of which the following is a specimen and translation :-

Specimen.	
Número "de Série 1.	Número d'Ordre 1.
"TRAVAUX D'IRRIGATION DU GOUVERNEMENT EGYPTIEN.	
"ASSOUAN ET ASSIOUT 1898.	
"MANDAT DE PAIEMENT.	
£500 Sterling.	£500 Sterling.

"Le Gouvernement Egyptien déclare par les présentes, qu'en retour de travaux effectués et de matériaux fournis pour les travaux d'irrigation susmentionnés, il reconnaît devoir, absolument, et sans condition aucune, à MM. John Aird et Cie, la somme de Cinq cents livres sterling (£500).

"Le Gouvernement s'engage par les présentes à payer à MM. John Aird et Cie, ou au porteur de ce Mandat, le 1er Juillet 1903 la dite somme de Cinq cents livres sterling.

"Ce paiement s'effectuera à Londres, par l'intermédiaire de la Banque d'Angleterre, contre la remise de ce mandat.

"Ce paiement sera effectué à tout événement Au Porteur des présentes, en totalité et sans déduction quelconque et indépendamment de toute contestation qui peut être actuellement pendante ou qui pourrait s'élever dans la suite entre le Gouvernement et MM. John Aird et Cie, ou de toute autre contestation quelle qu'elle soit, la dette reconnue par les présentes étant pour une somme certaine et déterminée et constituant une créance liquide et reconnue par le Gouvernement Egyptien.

"Le présent mandat confère au porteur, jusqu'à son entier désintéressement, une affectation sur les travaux pour assurer le paiement de la somme indiquée dans ce mandat, et le dit porteur pourra, d'accord avec les porteurs de tous autres mandats émis par rapport aux mêmes travaux (dont le maximum ne devra pas toutefois excéder les limites mentionnées dans la table au dos des présentes) ou d'accord avec la majorité de ces porteurs, nommer ou faire nommer par l'autorité compétente un représentant chargé de mettre à exécution de la manière qu'il appartiendra le dit droit d'affectation, au cas où ce mandat n'aura pas été payé à l'échéance.

"Aucune prise de possession par le Gouvernement des travaux ni aucun acte quelconque ne seront susceptibles de porter atteinte à la dite affectation.

"Le présent mandat et tous autres mandats émis ou à émettre dans les limites susmentionnées auront rang égal et pari passu sans aucun droit de préférence ni de priorité à raison de leur numéro, série, date d'émission ou autre circonstance quelconque.

"En date du 11 Juin, 1898.

"Pour le Gouvernement,
"Le Ministre des Travaux Publics,
"(Sd.) H. Fakry.

"Contresigné,
"Ingénieur du Gouvernement Egyptien,
"(Sd.) A. R. Webb."

Translation.
"Series No. 1.
"EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT IRRIGATION WORKS.

ASSOUAN AND ASSIOUT 1898.
£500 Sterling.

"PAY WARRANT.
"The Egyptian Government hereby declares that in consideration of work done and materials supplied for the above Irrigation works it acknowledges that it is indebted absolutely and unconditionally to Messrs. John Aird & Co. in the sum of Five hundred pounds sterling (£500 sterling).

"The Government hereby undertakes to pay Messrs. John Aird & Co. or the bearer of this Warrant on the 1st July, 1903, the said sum of Five hundred pounds sterling.

"This payment will be made in London through the medium of the Bank of England against surrender of this Warrant.

"This payment will be made in any event to the bearer hereof in full without any deduction whatever, and irrespective of any dispute that may be actually pending or which may hereafter arise between the Government and Messrs. John Aird & Co., or of any other dispute whatsoever, the debt hereby acknowledged being for a fixed and determined sum and constituting a claim agreed and recognised by the Egyptian Government.

"This Warrant confers upon the bearer, until completely satisfied, a charge upon the works to secure payment of the sum indicated in this Warrant, and the said bearer may, jointly with the holders of all other Warrants issued in respect of the same works (the maximum amount whereof shall not however exceed the limits mentioned in the Table hereon endorsed) or in accord with the majority of such holders, appoint or cause to be appointed by the competent authority a representative to be entrusted with the enforcement in such manner as may be called for of such right of charge, should this Warrant not have been paid when due.

"No taking into possession of the works by the Government nor any act whatsoever shall be liable to impair the said charge.

"The present and all other Warrants issued or to be issued within the limits aforesaid, shall rank equally and pari passu without any right of preference or priority by reason of their number, series, date of issue, or any other circumstance whatever.

"Dated 11th June, 1898.

"For the Government,
"The Minister of Public Works,
"(Sd.) H. Fakry.

"Countersigned,
"Engineer to the Egyptian Government,
"(Sd.) A. R. Webb."

The total amount of these Pay Warrants to be issued is £4,716,780, payable by sixty payments of £78,613 each half-year, commencing on July 1st, 1903, and ending on January 1st, 1933. The Table endorsed on the Pay Warrants referred to above, states these payments in detail.

The Irrigation Investment Corporation, Limited, which was formed for the purpose in 1898, entered into an agreement with Messrs. John Aird & Co. to purchase from them the whole of the £4,716,780 Pay Warrants.

The present issue is made on the authority and on behalf of the Irrigation Investment Corporation, Limited.

Under the terms of a Trust Deed dated the 21st April, 1899, that Corporation has heretofore lodged with the Bank of England on behalf of the Trustees Pay Warrants for £2,730,000, representing sixty half-yearly payments of £45,500 each, commencing on the 1st July, 1903, and ending on the 1st January, 1933, upon trust to apply the proceeds to the due payment of interest and Sinking Fund of the first three issues of £1,570,000 Certificates and expenses from the 1st January, 1903, the payments for interest and Sinking Fund on these issues amounting together to £45,167 half-yearly. The Corporation also lodged a sum sufficient to secure the due payment of interest and expenses of the Trust up to the 1st January, 1903.

Under the terms of the same Trust Deed the Corporation has now lodged with the Bank of England on behalf of the Trustees in respect of the present further issue of £360,000 Certificates, further Pay Warrants for £630,000, representing sixty half-yearly payments of £10,500 each, commencing on the 1st July, 1903, and ending on the 1st January, 1933. The payments for interest and Sinking Fund of the present issue amount to £10,357 half-yearly. The Corporation has also lodged a sum sufficient to secure the due payment of interest on the present issue and the further expenses of the trust up to the 1st January, 1903.

Thus the Pay Warrants and cash lodged with the Trustees represent an amount sufficient for the payment of the interest and Sinking Fund of the four issues of Certificates (together £1,930,000) and expenses.

As and when further issues of the Certificates are made, corresponding amounts of Pay Warrants and cash will be deposited with the Trustees. When the whole of the issue (amounting to £2,714,700) is completed there will be available, apart from the amounts required for interest and Sinking Fund, the amount of £513 half-yearly which covers the expense of the Trust.

The Egyptian Government have no power to redeem the Pay Warrants before maturity, and therefore the redemption of the Certificates cannot be anticipated.

Applications must be made on the form accompanying the prospectus and forwarded together with the amount payable on application to the Bank of England, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

Failure to pay any instalment when due will render all previous payments liable to forfeiture. If no allotment is made the Deposit will be returned in full, and if only a portion of the amount applied for is allotted, the balance of the Deposit will be applied towards the payment of the amount due on allotment.

Scrip Certificates to Bearer will be delivered in exchange for Allotment Letters, and the Trust Certificates will, when ready, be exchanged for fully-paid Scrip Certificates.

A copy of the Deed of Trust and of the Pay Warrants can be seen at the Offices of Messrs. Norton, Rose, Norton & Co., 57½ Old Broad Street, E.C., the Solicitors for the Trustees.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Head Office of the Bank of England (Chief Cashier's Office), or at any of its Branches; or of Messrs. Mullens, Marshall & Co., 4 Lombard Street, E.C.

The List will close at or before 4 o'clock on Tuesday, the 23rd of July.

LONDON, E.C., 20th July, 1901.

■ This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint-Stock Companies in accordance with the provisions of the Companies Act, 1900.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will OPEN on MONDAY, the 22nd day of July, 1901, and will be CLOSED on or before THURSDAY, the 25th day of July, 1901, for TOWN and COUNTRY.

THE LINOTYPE COMPANY, LTD.

(INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES ACT, 1862 TO 1893.)

SHARE CAPITAL - - - - £2,000,000,

		DIVIDED INTO	
200,000 PREFERRED	ORDINARY SHARES of £5 each	...	£1,000,000
200,000 DEFERRED	ORDINARY SHARES of £5 each	...	£1,000,000
			£2,000,000

FOUR PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURE STOCK £1,000,000

Of this stock £500,000 has been already issued and is fully paid.

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED, 15, Cheapside, London, E.C., and the LONDON and WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED, 217, Strand, London, W.C., are authorised to receive SUBSCRIPTIONS for £250,000 of the above-mentioned FOUR PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURE STOCK at the price of £93 per £100 stock, payable as follows:

On application	10 per cent.
On allotment	40 "
On the 31st August, 1901	43 "

£93

Payment may be made in full on allotment, and interest on payments in advance will be allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, and will be paid by separate cheques.

Interest will be charged on all overdue instalments at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, and without prejudice to this provision, default in payment of any instalment when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture.

The stock will be insured in sums of £5 and in multiples of £5, and will be transferable in any sum not involving a fraction of £5.

The stock is secured by a first mortgage on the freehold land, buildings, workshops, houses, and cottages of the company at Broadheath, near Manchester, and by a first floating charge upon the undertaking and all the other assets of the company.

Interest on the stock will be payable quarterly, on the 1st January, the 1st April, the 1st July, and the 1st October in each year, and the first payment of interest calculated from the dates fixed for payment of the various instalments will be made on the 1st October, 1901.

The trust deed for securing the stock provides that the company may redeem the whole or any portion of the stock prior to the 31st March, 1923, at the price of £107 per £100 stock.

The stock is repayable by the company at £105 per £100 Stock on the 31st March, 1923, and if the stock become payable owing to reconstruction, or to any other cause, it will be repaid at £105 per £100 Stock.

The trust deed contains a clause empowering the company to issue the remaining £250,000 Stock, or any part thereof, when it has acquired additional assets, at cost price, equal to the nominal amount of the stock issued.

PROSPECTUS.

The Linotype Company was incorporated in December, 1896, and the whole of its share capital has been fully subscribed, 191,200 shares of each class having been issued as fully paid as part of the consideration for the sale to this company of the assets of the Linotype Company (Limited), incorporated 1889, and 8,800 shares of each class have since been issued for cash. The nature of its business is generally well known and understood, but for the benefit of new investors it may be stated that the company was originally established to manufacture the Linotype Composing Machine, and this manufacture still constitutes its chief business.

For many years the Linotype Machine has enjoyed, both in this country and America, a virtual monopoly of machine composition for newspapers.

In Australia, France, Italy, and other Continental countries, for which the Linotype Company possesses sole rights, an increasing number of hand-set newspapers are substituting composition by Linotypes for their old process. In France, for example, although the company's business has not yet been established three years, the total number of orders received in that country to date exceeds the number of orders obtained in this country after the business had been established for an equal period.

Of late years improvements on the original patents have rendered Linotype machines available not only for almost all forms of job and general printing, but also for the highest class of book work. The book and general printing establishments using Linotypes for purposes other than daily newspaper production have increased by 195 since January, 1898. Some of these establishments which began with one or two machines now use from 20 to 40.

In addition to the manufacture of the Linotype machine, the company has embarked on the manufacture of various kinds of printing presses, die presses, and automatic feeders (all of the latest type), the manufacture of which has greatly extended the field of the company's operations and strengthened its commercial position in the printing trade; while by undertaking work for his Majesty's Government and the manufacture of special engraving machines (one of which was awarded a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition), the company is making a speciality of the very highest class of mechanical engineering. Preparations are now being made for the manufacture of the Autoplate, which will revolutionise stereotyping processes.

The company has in recent years made extensions to its factories, purchased additional plant, and has erected workmen's cottages at Broadheath; it has also purchased patents and patent rights in new and promising inventions, and has remuneratively invested capital in shares and debentures of other kindred industrial companies, with a view to participating in the control of their businesses, and so extending the field of this company's operations, both at home and abroad.

This issue of Debenture stock is made for the purpose of providing the expenditure attributable to capital account, which the company has made during the last 24 years out of its earnings, during which the productive capacity of the company's works, measured by power plant, and men, has increased by 45 per cent.

The company's assets appeared in the company's balance-sheet on 31st December last, as under:

Cash at Bankers and on hand	£52,151 19 4
£90,081 13s. 2d. 2½ per cent. Consolidated Stock and National War Loan, at cost	97,893 10 11
Shares and Debentures of other companies, at cost	203,668 4 2
Debtor balances—	
On open accounts and bills receivable (the Machinery Trust, Limited, and others)	58,171 3 2
Plant, machinery, tools, office furniture and fittings, less depreciation, stock of machines on hand, parts and materials, works, cottages, land and offices, at cost	452,783 16 11
Patents and goodwill of the business of the Linotype Company, Limited (incorporated 1889), at cost, with additions since	2,000,599 12 8
	£2,865,268 7 2

The company has taken out or acquired 397 patents in the last 24 years, the cost of the bulk of which has not been charged to capital account.

Deduct—	
Beneficent Fund	£5,001 1 0
Creditors—	
Open accounts, bills payable, dividend deposits, and dividends and interest unclaimed	71,215 17 1
	76,216 18 1

Leaving a balance of **£2,789,051 9 1**

The progress of the company is shown by the following table of profits for the past four years:—

Year.	Net profits, available for Share Dividends, after providing interest on the Debenture Stock, not including the balance brought forward from previous years.	Dividends on Preferred Ordinary Shares.	Dividends on Deferred Ordinary Shares.	Carried Forward.
1897	£162,382	6 per cent.	9 per cent.	£24,134
1898	180,406	6 per cent.	9 per cent.	24,591
1899	182,182	6 per cent.	10 per cent.	25,733
1900	187,571	6 per cent.	10 per cent.	34,855

The company has paid in four years the sum of £626,921 in dividends, and £49,890 in interest.

The drop in the earnings for the year 1900 is mainly attributable to the rise in the price of coal and materials, but the profits for the last year available for payment of Debenture stock interest amounted to £187,571, or sufficient to pay the interest on the existing Debenture stock and the present issue six times over.

The reserve fund on the 31st December last stood at £200,129.

The following contracts have been entered into:

1. Dated 27th February, 1901.—A working agreement between the Printing Machinery Company (Limited), the Machinery Trust (Limited), and this company.

2. Dated 17th July, 1901.—An underwriting contract between this company and Messrs. Bellamy and Isaac.

Copies of these contracts can be inspected at the offices of the company's solicitors during business hours while the lists are open for subscription.

The company has entered into numerous agreements, all of the ordinary trade character.

A copy of the memorandum of association of the company is on the back of the prospectus, and is to be taken as part of the prospectus.

Copies of the articles of association, of the report, balance-sheet, and profit and loss account of the company for the year ending 31st December, 1900, and the trust deed to secure the Debenture stock can be seen at the offices of the company, 188 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Applications must be made on the forms accompanying the prospectus, and delivered, with the necessary deposit, to either of the company's bankers.

If the whole of the stock applied for be not allotted any surplus paid on deposit will be appropriated towards payment of the sum due on allotment.

Where an allotment is not made the deposit will be returned in full.

Application will be made in due course for a quotation of this issue on the London and Manchester Stock Exchanges.

Prospectuses may be obtained at the offices of the company, or from the bankers, brokers, or solicitors, or Messrs. Bellamy & Isaac, Finsbury House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.

18th July, 1901.

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